THE COMMONWEAL

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CONTENTS

The Road Ahead 57
Week by Week 59
An Arizona Padre 62
The Historian of the Popes 63
After the Campaign ..... Charles Willis Thompson 64
The Church and the Negro ..... Edward Campbell Aswell 66
Mr. Robert Lansing . . William Franklin Sands 68
Mallorca: November Hurricane *(verse)* ..... Grace Hazard Conkling 69
The Sisters of Brittany . . Margaret R. Millar 70
Tolerance ..... Charles Sears Baldwin 71
A Real Uncle Tom . . . Charles Lyon Chandler 72
Queen and Handmaid *(verse)* ..... Claribel Weeks Avery 73
Die Aegyptische Helena . . . . Grenville Vernon 73
Communications 74
The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner 75
Books ..... Charles Phillips, John Carter, George N. Shuster, James J. Walsh, Patrick J. Temple, Mary F. McMullen, Fulton J. Sheen, George K. McCabe 76

THE ROAD AHEAD

PART of the tax for living with other people must be paid in worry. Family anxieties range from the budget to the children's love affairs. The corporation lawyer is a living sign of similar terrors that beset organized business. But it is probably in the wider reaches of society—in the level country of mankind—that the worry is most general and intense. "Where are we going?" is one of the earliest human questions, asked by Adam on the threshold of paradise and repeated in every manner of hieroglyphic and manuscript down to our own day and age. Indeed, we of the present put this query more frequently than any other time did, for the simple reason that we are all more dependent upon social machinery than the past ever was. When the average citizen raised most of the produce he needed and looked to his wife for socks and a coat, there was little danger that a decision by a board of directors would imperil him beyond redemption. Now we have seen what happens in New Bedford when the whistles do not blow, and what is the meaning of a food blockade. Each one of us has to keep in step with the crowd in order to survive either spiritually, intellectually or physically. Therefore the question as to where the crowd is going is considerably more than trivial.

Charles A. Beard has made Whither Mankind? the title of a book in which various writers more or less akin in outlook comment upon the drift of current civilization. There is a summary of the contents elsewhere in this magazine, but we wish to have our say here and now regarding a few considerations raised by the volume. It is, to begin with, unusual to find in one place so much concentrated thinking upon the processes underlying modernity. The impact of this book is, therefore, likely enough to influence many readers who will scarcely avoid feeling that so much brilliant writing and so many shining names can hardly have congregated in vain. The normal Catholic, for his part, is almost sure to feel that his own convictions have been challenged, despite more than a few magnanimous references to the Church. Not a little of this reaction will be due, of course, to the circumstance that our contemporary religious meditation is colored with a strong passion for mediaevalism. To a considerable number the modern world is wrong because it is not the thirteenth century. This attitude is interesting, corrective to some extent, and educative for those who forget that the new is not always the true. But naturally it can be badly mistaken if people overlook the circumstance that mankind is not endowed with a faculty for standing still. In so far as mediaevalism is romantic, it is apt not to be real.

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Well, Dr. Beard is sure that "technological civilization, instead of showing signs of contraction, threatens to overcome and transform the whole globe." Meanwhile the sources of religious fervor, artistic effort and intellectual speculation are not drying up. Merely the conditions under which all these must operate have changed, and mankind must "resolutely set its face to the future." It would be, in his opinion, as futile to base the superiority of the middle-ages over modernity upon the comparative excellence of mediaeval architecture as to say "that the mediaeval times can show no aqueducts or baths equal to the noblest structures of pagan Rome." What really matters as a criterion of excellence is "general well-being" and here the twentieth century takes the prize. This conclusion is reinforced by the collaborators. Herr Emil Ludwig opines that the advance of "technological civilization" has put an end to war by destroying the advantages for which generals can fight and by ironing out the differences between people. Bertrand Russell defines the modern mind as one clinging to an industrialist philosophy, "which is science in the sphere of practice." That this is faulty in some respects he does not deny, but he avers that the remedy is "more science" which can create "leisure for play" and thereby realize "the importance of happiness." The same conclusion is reached less subtly by Mr. Van Loon, who makes the zoölogical error of saying that animals never work, and the stupid assertion that 1769 is the "great milestone of mankind" because Watt then patented his steam engine. After all, Prometheus did find the fire! For Mr. James Harvey Robinson, religion is one thing and creed another. He believes that "knowledge" establishes the first and pretty definitely endangers the second.

It is at once obvious that the "new conditions" spoken of are quite manifestly here, and that, so far as anybody is able to judge, they will probably remain for a considerable time. However much one may prefer a "peasant civilization," such as still prevails in Poland, the fact remains that the children of that land are manning the machines of Chicago and Milwaukee. But the practical question is surely not whether one might choose something in the way of civilization which one cannot have, but whether one can reasonably and honestly be satisfied with what exists. To this the book under consideration makes no satisfactory reply, for at least two reasons. It is, to begin with, not modern because it has not been impressed by the world war. For millions of Europeans Mr. Van Loon's steam-engine remark would seem incredibly silly by reason of a major experience they themselves have lived through. During years of complete relapse into organized brutality, mankind necessarily sought a standard, a firm point in cosmic life, to which the spectacle of chaos was not indifferent. The cause was not so much the brutality of the conflict itself, but the emphasis it laid upon universal human weaknesses and failures which are only sometimes covered over by a gloss of "contented well-being." And everybody found that the steam engine was utterly indifferent; that science could serve the brute better than it served the angel in man; that all our technology was simple energy, harnessed as the beasts are harnessed and far less affectionate than they. Some people sought refuge in despair, others in sanctity. But it is a little appalling to find Dr. Beard's intellectuals so little in despair and so far from sanctity. They simply have not met this issue because they have not dug deep enough.

Similarly, Dr. Beard's remark about mediaeval cathedrals and Roman aqueducts uncovers another major difficulty. Everybody is conscious, these days, of the vast gulf between the individualistic leadership which has created "technological civilization" and the social following that inevitably results. The fact that a person with a million to invest can build up a town in which thousands work because of the grip of the supply-demand law upon them is familiar to us all. But though technology feeds their stomachs and turns on their radios, it does not succeed in realizing that these thousands are a community, a formative society, beyond building a factory in which to work and an apartment house in which to live. In other words, it does very poorly what the Roman aqueduct did very well. The mediaeval cathedral, however, expressed something which neither ancients nor moderns can succeed in saying—the meaning of the community, the truth of spiritual gravitation. And we believe that it also influenced, at least in a measure, all other groupings of men, for work and play, for thought and poetry and happiness, as nothing modern influences them.

Surely this distinction could not have been stated more clearly than Mr. Robinson quite unintentionally phrases it. One may argue for days about the differences between "religion" and "creed" without arriving at any practical conclusion. But it is overwhelmingly obvious that one can have what is here meant by "religion" without entering into contact with a single other individual, past or present, while one cannot profess what is termed a "creed" without standing shoulder to shoulder with one's fellowmen. Can you or I afford to doubt that salvation for the highly socialized present lies in the second rather than the first? Indeed, our new love for the Church is directly inspired by the realization that here is nothing vaguely personal or conveniently detached, but rather a communion wherein a throng, militant but understanding, shares the kiss of peace. It seems to us that even those who have not entered into this union ought to see, with Victor Branford and others, that the Church is not an idea or a projection but a joining of hands that sanctifies even the machine. But of course it is hardly less true that the machine must enter into the consciousness of the Church—that modern life can be hallowed when a blessing has transfused men and the conditions under which they live.

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WEEK BY WEEK

DEMOCRATIC defeat turned into a rout as election returns piled in. With nearly half of the solid South pledging its support to Hoover, and with not a single rift in the supposedly rebellious Middle-West, the supporters of Governor Smith had perforce to derive what comfort they could from the large popular vote. In several states this was heavy enough to reduce normal Republican majorities considerably, and of course it brought Massachusetts and Rhode Island into the Democratic column. But though this is consoling to the sons of Jefferson and Jackson, it does not bathe the future in a roseate glow. Their party is revealed as split squarely in two, with the new northern urban movement on the one hand and the old race-bound southern conservatism on the other. In so far as both were concerned, the campaign motto was "No Compromise!" Mr. Smith stood by his decision to make anti-prohibition his major policy declaration and no bull-headed hatred of business his interpretation of the significance of industrialism to the national life. In both cases he looked so right to the country that millions of regular adherents to the opposition party pinned their faith on him. Had the South refrained from bolting, Governor Smith would have proved more successful, all things considered, than even Mr. Wilson. But it did bolt; and the interesting question is not so much why it did as whether it will adhere to its manifest opposition to the Smith interpretation of Democracy. The difficulties are formidable, but in politics a major habit not infrequently triumphs over a minor.

IF THE South stands pat, the days of Democracy are numbered, at least for a good while. Undoubtedly the biggest factor in the past election was the normal citizen's confidence that Republican administration would not rock the economic boat. It is a deep popular conviction that existing well-being is due not so much to what government has accomplished as to success *in restraining government from being a disturbing* factor. Opposition to war, international entanglements, government ownership and class antagonisms looms formidably in the background. In the face of such convictions, southern statesmen have not gone beyond old-time shibboleths and prejudices. They are still free-traders, at least theoretically; they think of labor in terms of the Negro; and their idea of a "moral experiment" is out of place in anything but a windy Fourth of July oration. Accordingly, there is reason to believe that the defection of North Carolina was less a testimonial to prejudice than a culmination of new industrial tendencies, evident for some time in the aftermath of business development.

IF THIS is the plight of Democracy, it must be admitted that the magnificent frame of Republicanism, though burly and masculine as never before, reveals not a few cicatrices that may prove dangerous. Mr. Hoover goes into office barnacled with the Eighteenth Amendment, in all the righteous interpretation demanded by the Anti-saloon League. We do not lay claim to prophetic gifts, but we venture to assert that four or eight years from now it will be harder to wear those handcuffs than it is today. Even the greatest of parties is unable, in the long run, to ignore the most important of the journals which support it and a rising tide of popular dissatisfaction. The same Mr. Hoover will be inaugurated, if the Grand Wizard can manage it, to the tune of Klan melodies. His party is on record as having profited by appeals to the lowest and vilest kind of bigotry—as willing to ignore the constitution in order to attract a few votes. And we have a feeling that this fact is going to look sillier and more reprehensible in proportion to the time accumulating after election. Finally, the identical Mr. Hoover is destined to have the same variety of dissension inside his party, once he gets into office, as Governor Smith did while trying to get into office. Accordingly, there is every reason to believe that Democratic-minded editors will not be minus something to write about.

INTEREST in a Nicaraguan route for an interoceanic canal is being revived as increase in the business of the Panama waterway indicates that it will become inadequate in ten or fifteen years. It will be remembered that the Isthmian Canal Commission created by President McKinley recommended construction in Nicaragua rather than in Panama, and that Congress's authorization of the latter was not given without opposition. The lapse of time has not invali-

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dated the advantages which the Commission saw in the Nicaraguan route. Five hundred miles north of Panama, it invites a very considerable economy for coast to coast shipping, and this, together with the fact that safety suggests the control of two canals across the Isthmus, may decide for the future construction of a canal through Nicaragua rather than an enlargement of the one at Panama. The older route would still be favored by shipping between Atlantic ports and the west coast of South America. At any rate, a proposal to investigate the practicability of a new canal is on the Senate calendar for the coming short session. Nicaragua's willingness is vouched for in an unsolicited letter from Minister Cesar of that country, and an option on the rights of construction has been held by the United States since 1914.

WHAT the American Negro will be a hundred years from now is, of course, something that only the generation then living can know. Sometime ago it seemed that anthropology was arriving at certain definite conclusions regarding the great problem of race which would have a telling word to say about the Negro one way or another. Now few authorities of any eminence venture to make predictions or to defend generalizations. We simply do not know whether the human mind, of one kind or another, is capable of progressive development beyond a certain racial norm. Quite obviously, however, the Negro is as much in need of religion as are other men. He has often been a Catholic of splendid saintliness, dwelling in the communion of the faithful with a loyalty that humbles observant whites. In view of these facts, far too little has been done to give the Negro race as a whole its devoted apostles. One obstacle has been the antipathy of southern society to the Church, which is obviously real, however far from reasonable it may be. Now comes Mr. Edward Campbell Aswell, with an article outlining his convictions as to why the South must welcome the conversion of the Negro to the Church, from a purely social point of view. We are not in agreement with all his assertions, and we very earnestly doubt the pertinence of some of them. But we believe that his paper will stimulate discussion, give us all the benefit of an intelligent citizen's observations, and perhaps dispel a few prejudices against Catholic missionary activity. It goes without saying that opinions regarding Mr. Aswell's views, as set forth elsewhere in this issue, will be particularly welcome.

FROM China comes a fascinating set of photographs showing the first of the Catholic churches there to be built in the Chinese style of architecture. Similar edifices are now being erected, notably the Maryknoll seminary for native aspirants to the priesthood in the Kaying Mission, which is described in a letter as "rather loud. The artists are outdoing themselves. There are flowers of brilliant colors; slices of watermelon; peacocks and other species of birds; horses, elephants, dragons, fishes; and every day new wonders are added to the collection." The western Catholic may find it strange that ecclesiastical buildings should take such a shape and fancy, but it is interesting to know that the movement for a native architecture has behind it the endorsement of His Excellency Archbishop Costantini, apostolic delegate to China. Probably his argument is that the zoölogical ornaments of the Chinese church cannot appear more strange to the Catholic of the West than would a Gothic cathedral to the oriental worshiper.

THE Allied Patriotic Societies have a faith in the humility of the average man which many of us will not be able to follow. On paper, the Societies' plan to teach English to the foreign-born in their own homes by using their children as instructors seems both simple and practicable. According to the announcement made recently, children in ten New York schools to be designated soon will receive a series of forty-one lesson leaflets, constituting a home-study course for their parents, in which they will be the teachers. The progress of the work is to be carefully and periodically checked by the children's public school teachers. The question immediately prompted by the plan is, Why not? Why, at the cost of great and often futile effort, encourage the foreign-born to attend night schools when the language which they ought to learn there is already at the command of their own children? But it is easier to ask this than it is to visualize the average man accepting instruction from his child. What small, heroic glow most of us are limited to comes from the flattery of children, and with this we would not willingly dispense. We are not, however, indisposed to encourage the Societies, sceptical as we may be of the results of their plan. One ought to be sufficiently mindful of the fact that the Societies are experimenting for a worthy purpose, and that their efforts have been cramped by prejudice and apathy. Two years ago, for instance, they asked the foreign-language press to coöperate in the teaching of English and received little response. And as the present plan is not the embodiment of a sudden hunch, but the outgrowth of seven years of study, the least one can do is to wish it well.

IF IT is stimulating to live in the midst of danger, the tonic quickness of large communities is explained. City dwellers have been told often enough that the conditions in which they live are more perilous than the frozen seas, more fearsome than the swamps of tropical lands. Latest to repeat this is Mr. Arthur Vernay, big game hunter for the American Museum of Natural History, who recently left for Africa and India in quest of lions, tigers, rhinoceri and other feral beasts. Mr. Vernay embarked on the expedition with relief. He had felt "infinitely more concerned" over his safety in the traffic of New York

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City than ever he had in the jungles. Mr. Vernay's sentiments had been expressed before, but for the very good reason that the public is not yet tired of listening, the newspapers gave them large headlines. Whatever congratulates us is news; of this we cannot weary, no matter how often reiterated. Nothing is more likely to make us perk up and take a renewed satisfaction in ourselves than a friend's confession of inability to face those circumstances of existence under which we bear up stoically, if for no other reason than that we cannot escape. And when he flees from our accustomed streets to the paths of the elephant—well, that is flattery indeed.

NO MORE significant interpretation of the critic's relation to creative writing has appeared in a generation than Mrs. Wharton's tribute to the late William C. Brownell in the current issue of Scribner's Magazine. The facile people who make faces at a barrage of unfavorable literary judgments, and the no less immature persons who take on airs because of a "good press," are here disposed of with a gesture. Mrs. Wharton first of all makes a case for the importance of intelligent perspective. "This power to comprehend and relate to each other different traditions and alien ideals, was the beginning of William Brownell's art; and no great critic has ever been able to do with less." He began with France, and began admirably; but soon he had completed the usual roundabout way through English letters to the expression of his own countrymen. Here his attitude toward the living and the dead was "enthusiasm guided by acumen." For herself Mrs. Wharton says reverentially: "As in criticism he achieved the difficult feat of setting up a standard which was classical without being academic, so in his spoken counsels the eagerest open-mindedness was combined with an unwavering perception of final values. Rarely as I saw him—alas, too rarely!—the sense of his wisdom and sympathy was always with me, like a guiding touch on my shoulder." That is at once a standard for critics and a reminder for creators.

NEW ORLEANS'S leading newspaper, the Times-Picayune, has taken justifiable pride in a detail of local history of importance to engineers and their innumerable clients. When the Jesuit church in Baronne Street was demolished in the wake of bad soil and environment conditions, a remarkable discovery was made. Father Cambiaso, then in charge of the parish, had been his own architect and so forced to solve the difficult problem of building on land recently reclaimed from a cypress swamp. The date was 1853—fifteen years before Joseph Monier, a French gardener whom the authorities designate as the discoverer of reinforced concrete, had manufactured his famous water basins by pouring concrete round "a network of iron rods." But examination of Father Cambiaso's foundation walls reveals the fact that he not only made concrete with the help of oyster shells and bricks, but that he reinforced the material with "strong iron bars from top to bottom, running horizontally through wrought iron hoops." It would seem, therefore, that the credit for a great industrial invention must go to a New Orleans Jesuit priest. So far as anybody has been able to learn, Father Cambiaso did not suspect the importance of his device and failed to leave any written account of it.

THE decision of the Radical Socialists to embarrass Premier Poincaré by refusing to take part in the government resulted to his advantage, and the new French Cabinet will certainly be understood as an expression of his personal ideals and convictions. The crisis resulting from the resignation of the old Cabinet and the withdrawal of the Radical Socialists gave him an opportunity to relinquish gracefully the forms of national union which expediency led him to try out two years ago, and to return the national Right to dominance. True, Briand, Painlevé, Maraud and Anteriou of the Left parties, hold portfolios, but it is believed that their influence will be counteracted by that of Louis Bonnefous of the Union Républicaine Democratique, and André Maginot of the Union Democrats, two men who have always been strongly opposed to Briand's policy of reconciliation with Germany. And Poincaré's first statement to the press indicates that the attention of the government in the immediate future will be devoted chiefly to the German negotiations. It is probable, of course, that the tenure of the new Cabinet will not be for long, but if M. Herriot continues to refuse to be drawn into the rapidly crystallizing opposition of the Left, it may hold up, to the triumph of the Premier's personality. His own satisfaction with the new Cabinet cannot be doubted, with the greater power which it confers on the party of his own beliefs, and the greater facility it gives him to direct foreign and financial affairs without too strict attention to routine.

WHETHER Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty of the crimes for which they paid the supreme penalty is a question which the public refuses to let die. Their experience is considered, rightly or wrongly, a test case by which the character of American justice may be judged; and since very many persons are deeply interested in justice, the conduct of Massachusetts attracts their diligent scrutiny. The Outlook has recently published a commentary on the case, using evidence accumulated, for the most part, by Mr. Silas Bent, indefatigable surveyor of the press. Two important sequences of fact are stressed: first, several underworld confessions which allege that Vanzetti had nothing to do with the Bridgewater robbery, of which he was found guilty; second, documentary proof that the alibi he offered in defense was sound. Since the Bridgewater record counted strongly against him in the trial for the South Braintree murder, his innocence in this instance, if demonstrated, goes far to

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reverse the law's opinion of his character. It would, of course, be futile to talk about the matter were it not for the light it throws upon, and the questions it raises about, the course of justice as the two men found it. Regarding such matters, the individual reader is likely to form his or her own opinion. We suggest, however, that the evidence presented by the Outlook, in its issues of October 31 and November 7, merits the attention of all concerned with the basic problem of law administration.

RESOLUTIONS asking for a substantial increase in the tariff rate on Cuban sugar and restriction on Philippine sugar imports are being passed by farmers' organizations throughout the sugar beet area. Only seventy-five of the 105 factories in seventeen states are being operated this year, and many of these are running at half capacity. Prices are very low, and nothing but an increased sugar content in the crop has saved the growers from financial ruin. The blame is placed upon the effect of the supply of Cuban sugars in the domestic market. Now, turning to the situation in Cuba, one sees little to encourage the farmers, provided their assumption is entirely correct. For in a recent statement the Bank of America National Association indicates the likelihood that Cuba will abandon the restrictive measures which have reduced its output during the past two years by a total of about a million tons, a figure which alone approximately equals the production of beet sugar in the United States this year. It is possible, however, that the beet growers are overestimating the effect on them of importations from Cuba. Some attention should be paid to the possibility that the present unsettled conditions in the market here are a reaction from the wave of speculative buying and high prices which followed the disbanding of the United States Sugar Equalization Board.

A MOST engrossing document is the New York Public Library's report of the service it has recently returned its clients, of the versatility of its equipment, and the facility with which that equipment is made accessible to the public. One learns that no request can surprise, and few confound, the library's assistants, who have long ago had sufficient proof of the variety of humanity's interests. Among other cases cited is that of a building contractor intending to erect a skyscraper in California, who sought and found a formula to compute the intensity of earthquake shocks to buildings and chimneys. What does this show? That the library houses knowledge strange and marvelous; that there are contractors who are anxious to build structures that will stand. The one is helpless without the other, and helplessness brings only exasperation. Strength in coöperation, and something satisfactory about strength. And here are things so encouraging to consider that we must have many more of these Library reports.

AN ARIZONA PADRE

GROWING interest in the history of the southwestern states made it almost certain that the story of Father Pedro Maria Badilla, who rode the trails and built churches over a large part of Arizona in the late nineteenth century, would eventually be told. For around his name legends have been accumulating this quarter of a century, most of them referring to his immense physical strength and spiritual energy. There were numerous stories citing his ability to strike down an assailant with his open hand, but there were none to tell whence he came or what were his experiences prior to his arrival in Arizona. Luckily, it has now been discovered that a biography was written of him shortly after his death in 1901, by a friend who was in full possession of the facts, and a copy, perhaps unique, has been presented to Bishop Gercke of Tucson. His Grace has promptly called attention to the dramatic story which it tells, and one result is that a widely noticed article on Father Badilla by Gilbert Cosulich has appeared in the Arizona Daily Star.

Father Badilla was a son of wealth. Born in 1827 at Heredia, in Costa Rica, his boyhood was spent on the vast plantations owned by his parents, and his youth in the schools of San José. At twenty-four he was ordained, and for sixteen years thereafter he managed parishes in the more isolated sections of Costa Rica. During the terrible cholera epidemic of 1865 he worked day and night among the afflicted until he himself contracted the disease. He recovered, but two years later set out for plague-stricken Nicaragua, and when he returned his health was again seriously impaired.

Seeking to recover it, he began his travels: to England, to France, and to the United States. In 1880 he arrived at Tucson, and there met Bishop Salpointe, who was sadly in need of a priest for Apache County, which had just been opened to white settlers. "He offered the curacy to Padre Badilla," reads the biography, "emphasizing the difficulties he would have to confront, the lack of a church building, the dangers and unsettled conditions of the country. The worthy priest received the proposal as if he had been offered his greatest happiness. He desired a broad, untilled field to cultivate and to sow with the seeds of the Gospel." He had his wish. The field was broad—one may ride more than two hundred miles without passing out of Apache County; it was untilled—there was not a church within its boundaries. Father Badilla built three of them: at Springerville, at Concho, and at St. John's, largely out of his own funds. This vast territory was his mission and he rode it in all weathers. He made his residence near St. John's on a homestead which he had taken out after filing his citizenship papers, and although the soil was not suitable for agriculture he tilled it devotedly, finding a relaxation and a joy in the care of growing things.

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It should be remarked that Father Badilla undertook the mission to Apache County at an age when most men have finished with an active life. He was fifty-three when he arrived in Tucson. Eight years later he dug a grave under the floor of the church at St. John's, lined it with wood, constructed a rough coffin, lowered it into the grave, and relaid the floor. To four friends he addressed a letter, making this curious request: "As soon as you hear of my death, do me the charity of burying me, and before doing so, you will dress me in black vestments and will place me into my coffin without placing in it or outside of it any other object save a pillow, which I trust will be made of wood." He had thirteen years more to live, but when he died at Concho his instructions were remembered by his friends, and were carried through to the letter.

These are the brief outlines of a story, some details of which have been half remembered by the Southwest. It introduces us formally to a man who was something of a rancher, farmer and sportsman, but who becomes remarkable when considered as priest, builder, plague-fighter, linguist or traveler. In any one of a dozen fields he might have been celebrated, and he brought to his chosen work a diversity of abilities which made his one of the most interesting and forceful personalities which were to be found in the eighties and nineties in Arizona.

THE HISTORIAN OF THE POPES

HOW profoundly the death of Ludwig von Pastor, chronicler of the Popes, has been mourned by all who respect the eminent civilizing rôle of the historian is evident from the number of tributes paid to his memory in a score of languages, everywhere. To some he was the finest illustration of the layman active in the realm of Catholic intelligence; to others he seemed a living memorial to the purpose of the modern historian, who regards every shred of truthful evidence as a sacred trust. When he died on September 30, Pastor was nearing his seventy-sixth birthday, but the vigor of his style and the virility of his industry showed no abatement from the energy which had led him to undertake one of the largest tasks ever assumed by a student.

Pastor's parents, who were business folk in comfortable circumstances, expected him to follow the ancestral example and learn the ways of commerce. But he had hardly reached the age of twenty-one when he had triumphed over opposition, begun the study which was to prepare him for an academic career, and formed the idea of writing the story of the Papacy. This last was inspired by a deep admiration for the work of Ranke, whose colorful pageants and summaries, though written from a frankly Protestant point of view and without the information which Vatican archives alone could supply, fascinate so many readers. What might one do, Pastor thought, if access to these archives were permitted? He set to work with infinite diligence, preparing himself by study and research, establishing contacts with eminent scholars and artists, and finally winning an appointment to the faculty of Innsbruck.

After further years of effort, he succeeded in convincing Pope Leo XIII that the archives, closely guarded until that time, should be opened to scholars. Indeed the Holy Father went on to issue the decree of 1883, which permitted public access to the Vatican library and declared, "We are in no fear of what the documents may reveal." Hardly less important was the motto which appeared in the first published volume of Pastor's history: "The best defense of the Papacy is the revelation of what it is." One by one succeeding volumes appeared, and each was translated into foreign languages. The welcome accorded to the work was extraordinary for two reasons: first of all, it showed how large an audience could appreciate Pastor's story and his method; secondly, it won the unqualified approval of historians and supplanted all other books on the subject. Many a reader has relished particularly the pages devoted to cultural subjects, such as, for example, the building of Saint Peter's—matters in which Pastor took a marked personal interest.

There is reason to believe that this industrious man left the manuscript of at least some other volumes of his projected narrative. In addition he wrote definitive monographs on a number of allied subjects, information regarding which he had come upon during the course of his major researches. All this labor is qualified by allegiance to very high standards, and criticism has confined itself for the most part to details. In so large a canvas there must necessarily be figures not placed in the right relief, or vistas seen in an unsatisfactory light. But it is all so monumental, so faithful to a long dramatic record, that Pastor may be said to have mapped out for himself one of the most splendid purposes of scholarship and to have succeeded in attaining that purpose with rare completeness.

Thus the life of Ludwig von Pastor is an object lesson. He demonstrated that scrupulous fidelity to the truth is the only really valuable form of apologetics. No man more relentlessly slaughtered a myth when it was unmasked by evidence, and yet no man ever did more to win the world's respect for the Popes. Again, the mere fact that such an investigator, veritably implacable in his search for truth, rose from his study of Roman policies with the faith of his youth far stronger than it had been, ought to help prove that nothing in the history of the Holy See can justify suspicion or loathing. Those who absorb facile suggestions that the Popes are "monsters" (and they are not few in this land of ours) may find, if not from a reading of his books, something to think about in the mere progress of Ludwig von Pastor's own life.

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AFTER THE CAMPAIGN

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

AFTER the presidential campaign of 1816 there appeared what went into history under the name of "the Era of Good Feeling." It was not an era of good feeling at all; it got the name simply because there was only one party, the Democratic, and hence there were no party contests. There were inter-party contests of great violence. Everybody had to be a Democrat, because there was no other party; so the Democracy included protectionists, free traders, abolitionists, slaveholders, and men of all other irreconcilable shades of belief.

This condition lasted a good many years. It came about because the Federalist party, after being continuously thrashed at every election in a number of campaigns, faded out of existence and left no successor. After about twelve years of "the Era of Good Feeling," the Democrats split into a radical or Jacksonian faction and a conservative faction calling itself "National Republican," and in the course of a few more years that ineffectual and purposeless organization known as the Whig party gradually evolved, so that the two-party system came back again. Not that it amounted to much; the Democrats continued to carry all the elections, except one in which they had a sort of Bull Moose split and another in which they had to carry the load of a panic and hard times.

Then came the Republican party, originally a radical and Jeffersonian party, which speedily became excessively conservative. The Democrats were still strong, though numerically weaker than the Republicans, until the advent of William J. Bryan. His sixteen years of dominance—the Parker episode in 1904 was a mere interruption—established among Americans in general the habit of voting the Republican ticket, a habit which is now confirmed, as the last three elections have proved. Infirm historians, seeking analogies, generally refer vaguely to the downfall of the Whigs as a precedent, but the present situation bears no resemblance to the early decrepitude of that aimless, job-seeking and unprincipled organization; if we must have analogies—and there is no reason why we should—the nearest resemblance is to the successive trouncings of the Federalist party and the inauguration of a single party under the name of "the Era of Good Feeling."

If that is to come, it is still some distance off. The Democrats will continue to go through the motions of making a campaign for some time, though it is difficult to see what new excuse they will invent in 1932. In 1920 they were all for the League of Nations, and nominated an honest Ohio gentleman named Cox, whom you may remember; in 1924 they were excited over the oil scandals, and nominated an excellent ex-West Virginian named Davis; in 1928 they declared for "liberal" principles, and nominated a hard-hitting progressive named Smith, from New York. What will be the shell in 1932, and what pea will be put under it? Meanwhile the Republican party goes tranquilly ahead, accumulating larger majorities every year by merely reminding the voters that if the Democrats get in the banks will all fail.

As for what is immediately to come, there is no need of a prophet. The splitting of the South means two things, possibly three. It means first, and at once, a hard factional fight between two wings of the Democratic party there—those who supported Smith and those who bolted. As the prizes will be offices and political control, personal interest will inflame the contestants at least as much as high questions of principle. It will be, throughout the South, a struggle on the part of the old crowd to retain control and on the part of a new crowd, which had never seen any chance at emergence from the ranks, to throw them out and become officers. For the first time in many years, real politics is to be played everywhere from Mason and Dixon's line to the Gulf.

The second thing, and in the long run the more important, is a wider divergence between the two wings of the national Democratic party which have hitherto trotted in sulky harmony—the dry South, and the great wet cities of the North. The alliance was always unnatural, but now it is growing impossible. Talk of the "difference" between Republicans and Democrats; if there is any, there is no such difference as there is between wet Boston, mad for Smith, and Virginia, voting for Hoover after a hot campaign conducted by Bishop Cannon of the Methodist Church.

There is a third possibility, but so far it is only a possibility. It is the emergence of a real Republican party in the South. Mr. Hoover is believed to hope for such an outcome. If such a party does emerge, it will have to be a "Lily White" Republican party—that is, one where the Ben Davises and Henry Lincoln Johnsons of the past will be told to take their Negro voters home and keep them away from the polls and the offices. That might mean a rebellion on the part of the heavy Negro Republican vote in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and other states, but it would not necessarily mean it, any more than President Coolidge's slam-banging veto of the McNary-Haugen bill meant a revolt of the Republican farmers. Voting the Republican ticket is a national habit; and the Negroes have it as well as other people.

And now, how about the Republican party, which for at least eight years has been rapidly taking over the voting population of the country? Well, in Monroe's and Adams's "Era of Good Feeling" every-

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body had to be a Democrat; and you could be a violent high-tariff Democrat like Webster or a secessionist free-trade Democrat like Calhoun; you could assail slavery like Adams or defend it like Foote. And so the Republican party, which does not yet include everybody, but is on its way, includes people who disagree as extremely as Senator La Follette and Secretary Mellon. No matter what you may happen to believe, you can be a Republican, just as a hundred years ago Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay could both be Democrats. It is not yet true that if you don't want to be a Republican there is no place to go; the resemblance to 1816-1832 is not yet so pronounced; but it is at least so far true that if you really want to get anything done you have to be a Republican.

The upshot of that situation in 1816-1832 was that the Democratic party gradually split into factions; and that, in time, those factions which represented real principles coalesced, and in the course of more years a new party grew out of that situation. However, nothing is more dangerous than to take some attractive historical analogy and argue that what happened once must necessarily happen again. For all anybody can tell, the history of the "Era of Good Feeling" and the slow birth of the Whig party may not be repeated now, or ever again at any time. It is possible, as Governor Smith would say, that "a miracle" may happen and the Democratic party suddenly pop up again in 1932, with no reason at all, and win a victory. There is no sense in supposing such a thing, because all history is against it, but in politics it is best not to be a slave of history—or analogy.

"If any man," says Norman Thomas, who was the Socialist candidate for President, "could unite the incongruous elements behind Mr. Hoover into one party, that man is not Herbert Hoover." If anything is predictable in politics, it ought to be safe to prophesy that President Hoover is in for what Mark Twain used to call "a gaudy time." It was none too easy for Mr. Coolidge to get along with his party, though Mr. Coolidge had had a lifetime of experience; nor did he have nearly so many "incongruous elements" to contend with as will Mr. Hoover.

As soon as the Kansas City convention was over, the disciplined Republican ranks closed up and not a murmur of discontent was heard; so it may be hard to get back into that mental atmosphere and remember just what a sullen, mutinous body it was which nominated Hoover. Mr. Coolidge's "incongruous elements" were most notably the Norris and La Follette mavericks, but not altogether. Mr. Hoover will have them to contend with too, but in addition his nomination was bitterly, savagely opposed by many other elements, including the most sedately conservative groups in the party. Senator Curtis, not knowing he was going to be nominated for Vice-President, delivered himself at Kansas City of such a barbarous personal attack on Hoover that it was the principal obstacle to his nomination; and Mr. Curtis is not only a good old-fashioned conservative who hates La Folletteism, but is himself so amiable that nobody can remember his ever having made a personal attack on anybody before that one.

And Mr. Thomas is right about it, too. Among Mr. Hoover's many gifts the fairies forgot one. He will have to spend the next four years with public officials, and the success of his administration will depend on his ability to get along with them. If he manifests any such ability, it will be because he has surprisingly acquired it some time between now and his inauguration. It is not amiability that is required; Mr. Taft and Mr. Buchanan were amiable, but they were not among our most successful Presidents. It is something else; it is, as Senator Stephen B. Elkins once put it in talking to the present writer, the knowledge of how to make a man stop wanting the thing he wants and begin wanting the thing you want. The amiable McKinley had it, but so did the very unamiable Jackson. Mr. Hoover will have to get it. He has four months in which to get it.

In the cold grey dawn of the morning after, it is certain that Smith could not have been elected; nor any Democrat. He got more votes than any other Democrat could have got. He lost some states that other Democrats could have carried; he carried some states that no other Democrat could have won. He carried some of the driest of the southern states; and where he lost one of them, it was plainly not because of his wetness so much as of his religion.

For instance, that intelligent and unprejudiced observer, Mr. Herbert Asbury, analyzing the result in the New York Herald Tribune of November 8, mentions that Mobile County, Alabama, is a stronghold of the wets, and was expected to give Smith a majority of from 4,000 to 6,000. It gave him 952, "the smallest in history," and, says Mr. Asbury, "The Democrats carried only six of the thirty-seven country precincts in the county, and lost the largest of the city wards by 121 votes." This was a wet fortress. The pretense will be that the result was due to Mobile's having been suddenly converted to prohibition; the truth is that Smith prays to God in a Catholic Church instead of in a Protestant one.

Virginia unquestionably went Republican because of "religion." But there is no particular sense in jeering at the South; the same thing happened all over the country, including New York City, where Tammany mustered 160,000 votes less than it had expected to. In Texas more women registered than men; the women, the country over, were far more furious against the Catholics than the men. In Minnesota a month ago Mr. Oulahan of the New York Times reported that women were making a house-to-house canvass against Smith; and Minnesota is not one of the most bigoted of states. The rock bottom is that no Democrat could have been elected. As in 1824, the only real fight was over who should get the majority party's nomination.

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THE CHURCH AND THE NEGRO

By EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL

(The following discussion of the Negro, by a distinguished Southerner, should not be read as a presentation of our own views. It is one among the articles which The Commonweal publishes from time to time in order to promote discussion and to give serious civic opinion a chance to be heard.—The Editors.)

A SHORT time ago, a northern friend who was taking an extended business trip through the South sent me a surprising bit of information. He had learned, he said, that the Catholic Church was making "a determined effort to convert the Negroes," and that the plan was succeeding "to an alarming degree." He added that if the beginnings of the movement were any indication of its future,

> within another generation every darkey in Dixie will be telling his beads, and quitting his work on the feast day of every saint in the calendar, and asking his father confessor how to vote—and then you Southerners will have a problem on your hands!

As a Protestant Southerner, I should perhaps have been greatly alarmed by this news. My informant expected me to be, and he had excellent reasons for thinking so. Everyone knows that the South is a land of strong traditions. Moreover, the strongest of these, according to the profound observations of the American Mercury, are the South's nervous fear of the Negro and her narrow religious bigotry, the latter especially directed against the Roman Catholic Church. If this is so, then imagine how panic-stricken a white Protestant from Tennessee ought to be when he hears that the Catholics and the Negroes are joining forces in his own back yard! The very least that could be expected of him as a public-spirited citizen would be to write a stirring appeal to Senator Heflin. The Senator could then be relied upon to save the South from its threatened danger in much the same way that the geese saved ancient Rome.

But I must confess that I did nothing of the kind. My first impulse was to check up my information, and I learned from the editor of The Commonweal that it was correct, at least in this—that the Catholic Church has, indeed, remembered the Negro and is making efforts to convert him. It appears that the work is still in the experimental stage, for it remains to be seen whether any very large proportion of the Negroes in the South will respond to the overtures of the Church. But the mere thought of such a turn of events is provocative to a Southerner, not because it represents a lurking danger, but because it seems to suggest a solution of the South's most pressing social problem —the race question.

From the earliest times, the history of the southern states has been almost wholly the history of the changing phases of this problem. Because of it, the culture of the South has, to a very large degree, developed independently of those forces which have molded the East, the North and the West. The race question represents the focal point of the South's very life, and for this reason any proposed change in the status of the Negro, such as their conversion to Catholicism, may be expected to challenge the instant attention of southern whites.

What the South's general reaction to this new tendency will be, I cannot pretend to say. But this much is certain: the Catholic Church will not be able to carry on its work among the Negroes without taking the attitude of the Protestant whites into account. If the white people of the South should get the impression that the Catholic Church was interesting itself in the Negro merely to use him as a pawn against them (the idea might be ridiculous, it might have no foundation at all—no matter) the Church would suddenly find its missionary activities restricted, blocked, thwarted and finally brought to an end.

I believe that the leaders of opinion in the South may be made to see that this new endeavor of the Catholic Church not only holds forth promises of immense good in itself, but, eventually, that it will also confer a great blessing upon the white, Protestant population. If this favorable attitude is to be fostered, the question must be discussed in a manner that removes it at once from grounds where religious differences would come into play.

In other words, there are two aspects of this projected conversion of southern Negroes to Catholicism. One is purely religious and concerns itself only with saving the black man's soul. This, we may assume, is the primary object of the missionary work the Catholic Church has undertaken. Frankly, this aspect of the matter does not interest me at all, and it does not seem likely that the South will become greatly excited over what may happen to the Negro's soul in the next world. But if the Negro is adequately prepared for some future life, however that may be conceived, it is only reasonable to suppose that his altered soul will manifest itself in new ways in the present world; and this brings us to the second aspect of the matter. First, however, it will be necessary to sketch the background against which it must be placed.

Aristotle advanced the theory that some men are slaves by nature. By this, I believe he meant that, while some few men are capable of self-control, others less fortunate are not, and must, therefore, be controlled by some outside agency. The Negro race as a whole is a remarkable verification of this theory. It is one of the peculiar characteristics of the race that its individuals are not self-reliant. They are docile and indolent and lack, to a surprising degree, that

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faculty which is generally associated with self-control —namely, the power to carry on a sustained effort toward some longed-for object over an extended period of time.

Now, whatever we may think of the institution of chattel slavery—and I may add that I have no intention of defending it—it was a practical recognition of these fundamental facts of the Negro's nature. The master represented the delegated authority whose business it was to control the Negro who could not, or would not, control himself. So long as the institution of slavery remained, it was the instrument by which a race barely removed from barbarism was prevented from disrupting a highly developed society that was alien to his nature.

The Civil War put an end to slavery forever. Indeed, the war was fought, so President Lowell of Harvard once said, to settle a theoretical argument concerning the Negro's true nature. The South said that the Negro wasn't a man; the North said that he wasn't a Negro. The North won, and the Negro's status as a man was immediately affirmed and its guarantees were written into the federal constitution. But it takes more than a legal document to prove that a Negro is not a Negro, and the ten years immediately following the war brought forth ample evidence that the North's assumption was ill founded.

Even before the chaos of reconstruction was well launched, the federal government had its misgivings and made tentative efforts to take the Negro into receivership. Freedmen's bureaus were organized, and for a short period the federal government became, for all practical purposes, the successor of the former master. The Negro had been freed, but he was still incapable of self-control. Legally he was no longer a slave; philosophically he remained one.

By the time the last federal troops were withdrawn from the South in the 1870's, the freedmen's bureaus had collapsed and the government had washed its hands of the responsibilities it had assumed in becoming the Negro's guardian. The situation was left to work itself out according to natural laws with a minimum of interference by the supreme law of the land. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the federal constitution remained theoretically as effective as ever; but as it worked out in fact, the Negro still needed to be controlled and the southern states found easy ways to bring this about in political matters.

A tremendous social problem remained. The law might do its utmost to prescribe penalties for vagrancy, theft, rape and murder, but with millions of newly freed Negroes, economically dependent and morally bankrupt, the primary social sanctions that make for observance of the laws were absent. On the one hand, the former slaves owned no land and had nothing to lose through civic disturbances. Their bonds with their former masters were broken, and, though in thousands of instances they continued to ask and obtain advice and help from the families they had once served, this connection became steadily weaker as time went on and virtually disappeared as a new generation grew up which had known no masters.

Meanwhile, there remained only one influence that might have checked the Negro's natural tendency to slump back into barbarism and abandon all civilizing restraints. This was religion; but as we shall see, even here he was deprived of guidance.

During the days of slavery, Negroes attended the same church with their masters. The Civil War put an end to this arrangement by which the ignorant race received moral instruction from the more cultured race. The Negroes set up their own churches and drew upon their own race for leadership. Few of them knew how to read and write, but that was of little consequence if they knew how to shout and pray and sing. This circumstance conferred a great boon upon a few ambitious and talented Negroes, who found the only possible outlet for their energies in the religious leadership of their race. But it was a great misfortune for the race as a whole, because there was not enough talent to fill the pulpits and the spiritual sons of the old medicine men took the situation in hand.

The Negro's religion rapidly became a tissue of half-remembered African superstitions dramatized in the persons of the Hebrew prophets. It concerned itself very little with matters of conduct and with the sanctions for right living. It was all ritual—the ritual consisting of loud praying in public, of enthusiastic interjections of "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" and "Praise the Lord!" during the preacher's harangue, of the singing of hymns and of the daily observance of native taboos. Religion became simply an exhaust valve for the Negro's superabundant emotions.

But what about education? It is true that the southern states made a pretense of organizing schools for the Negroes, and it is equally true that many of them learned to read and write. I have serious doubts, however, whether American primary and secondary education, even at its best, has any great value in strengthening habits of right conduct or in creating ideals of good citizenship. Our public school education concerns itself almost wholly with teaching facts, and depends upon the home to build right habits in the child. Among the Negroes, the schools that were established were, and still are, very inferior to the schools for white children in the same sections; and of course it goes without saying that the homes from which the black child came contributed nothing, or even worse than nothing, to his ethical training.

As a consequence of all this, the Negroes of the South have been pretty much adrift since the Civil War. They have constituted a perpetual menace to southern society. The only control over them was, as I have indicated, the very ineffective control of their churches and schools, and the ever-present fear of the law. This last has been the most effective, but it is still far from insuring an orderly state of society. This is shown by the fact that the prisons, jails and work-

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houses in the South are filled with members of this pariah caste who are by nature alien to the restraints of the civilization in which they find themselves, and whom a series of unfortunate events has freed from that kind of control and guidance which alone could make them harmonious elements in the social body.

This, then, is the background against which the conversion of the Negro race to Catholicism should be considered. The history of the last fifty years has shown that there is no political, economic, or social institution in America which can bring to the Negro the kind of control he needs. Lacking such control, the ten or twelve million Negroes in America represent a perpetual menace to society, for their situation is essentially and inescapably a tragic one. The recent hegira of thousands of southern Negroes to the North has only served to dispel their last illusion. Indeed, it is a curious sidelight on this migration that those who have come North are the most rebellious and discontented members of the race. Their bitterness is all the greater because they were led to expect a reception much different from that they received. The fact is, of course, that the American Negro, no matter whether he stays in the South or migrates to the North, carries his problem with him, for wherever he goes, he must remain an outcast.

Under these circumstances, the thing he needs most is wise counsel, encouragement to work and find his place, and the solace and resignation which he can only find in the Christian religion, whose first virtue is humility. It is for this reason that I believe the Catholic Church can bring to the Negro that which no other institution in the world can give him. The magnificent ceremonial of the Church will appeal to his dramatic instincts; as time goes on, the teachings of the Church will bring him that satisfaction which will keep him loyal to his conversion.

Throughout its history the Catholic Church has had to deal with all conditions and classes of men. That is one of its greatest virtues as an institution and the proof of its catholicity. It is broad enough to accommodate at once a Pasteur and the simple, trusting, childlike folk who represent, in a philosophical sense, the natural slaves of Aristotle. Because of this, the Catholic Church is the ideal instrument—and as it seems to me, the only instrument—that can solve the race problem in the South. The Negro desires equality, and he needs above all things to be controlled. The Catholic Church can reconcile his desire and his need: it can give him the religious equality that the Protestant churches have always denied him, and at the same time teach him that wisdom which will accept the tragic facts of inequality in actual life—always to be the essential condition of the Negro in America.

It goes without saying that if the Catholic Church can bring about this reconciliation in the Negro's soul, the South's social problem will be on its way to a solution. When that day comes, the Church will have realized once more its ideal of the middle-ages—"a place for every man and for every man his place."

MR. ROBERT LANSING

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

ROBERT LANSING will remain in American history, I think, as an unusual character in public life, and as an example of diplomatic consistency. At a time when feeling was by no means neutral in the United States as between the belligerents in the world war, and one of the most powerful factors in keeping us officially neutral was the weight of personal sentiment of Americans toward either side, Lansing tried to develop a principle of international law of the utmost importance to world relations and world peace: the rights of neutrals as against belligerents; the right of a people to live at peace and undisturbed by hostilities between any other peoples or groups of nations. Lansing held to its development, conscious that only the United States could carry weight at that moment, in spite of the fact that by so doing he was creating hostility at home as well as abroad, in spite of the fact that his autocratic chief desired no help or advice from his Cabinet of Secretaries; in spite of the impatience of an ambassador to the Court of Saint James's of a lawyer's "legalistic" point of view.

Perhaps Robert Lansing, who was far more closely in touch than the President with the feeling of Congress and of America in general, utilized as far as possible the equalizing weight of pro-ally and pro-central powers here, upon which to build his great contribution to the principles of international peace.

Walter Hines Page took sides as ambassador squarely and frankly. There is a question there of right conduct in an ambassador which cannot easily be decided categorically—which probably can only be decided by individual conscience. In such an emergency, which is the duty of an ambassador—to stand in opposition to his chief if he thinks the interests of his country are not best served by present policy, or to obey against his convictions? Page made his choice, from deep conviction, conscientiously. Let it be so. He will ever remain a great ambassador, no matter who agrees or disagrees with him in his course.

So too did Lansing. Undisturbed by the chaos of a world war; sinking his personal feelings and sentiment in what he conceived to be the rôle of the United States to go forward with a principle which no other nation in the world was powerful enough to sustain; determined to make that contribution to the future

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to the extent of his solid ability, and in spite even of personal humiliation, he will be given the proper place due his worth, now that passion has subsided and thinking men can once more see clearly. Page deserves, if any man ever did, his place in Westminster Abbey. Lansing deserves, if any man ever shall, his place in the Hall of the League of Nations; wherever men are organized to work for peace. Nobody, among the belligerents themselves, would appreciate his character and his efforts more understandingly and generously than those public men of Germany and England who know from historical experience what it means to defend and upbuild a principle as a minister of state placed between popular passion and an autocratic ruler.

That he could not succeed completely is obvious after the event, and was so then. He was deliberately chosen as a Secretary, not as a responsible minister, by a President who was conducting the foreign relations of our nation personally, as he had every right to do. Lansing's rôle was to be merely that of expert in matters of defined and accepted international law—to whom not policy nor even wording of diplomatic documents should be referred, but only such technicalities as might be outside of the experience of his chief. In the matter of policy Colonel House was to be the President's adviser, untrammeled by public office, but that too only worked for a brief time and never completely. Lansing entered that situation with his eyes open, aware of every obstacle, but hoping to make his contribution. He did so at a time when to be neutral was to incur the stigma, scornfully expressed, of lacking manhood.

It was very soon apparent that it was not possible to work in that manner and that his ideas were totally incompatible with those of the President, and he offered his resignation from office. It is a curiously revealing light on the temperament of President Wilson that his resignation was accepted for a different reason, arising out of Lansing's anxiety for the accepted method of American government which appeared to many people to be imperiled.

It is well known that during an acute illness of the President his wishes were communicated to executive departments through unofficial persons. No one wished to raise the question of presidential incapacity but there is no gainsaying that at several times during Mr. Lansing's tenure of office as Secretary of State there were questions of that order, quite outside of precedent, which caused grave anxiety to responsible members of government.

Lansing was placed in the position of subordinating his own convictions and his own ambitions to the policy of his chief, and even of submitting to disregard of his office so complete that only great ambition or intense patriotism could have carried him through. It is true, of course, that a Secretary of State is not a responsible minister and that the President alone is charged with executive responsibility. A President is, therefore, fully within his rights in conducting personally those things for which he alone is responsible. It is also true that Woodrow Wilson's ideals and his accomplishment during his administration rank him among those Presidents of whom all Americans may be justly proud, whether they agreed with him at the time or not.

Nevertheless, events have proved that Robert Lansing was right and Wilson wrong in the methods used to carry those ideals into life and vigor. Lansing understood what could be done and what was neither possible nor desirable. He understood also that while a President of the United States may lead, he leads precariously always and can never force his views, no matter how fine or great they may be. He was in closer touch with realities than Wilson, and the fact that he yielded without dramatic gesture is indicative of diplomacy rather than lack of conviction, of deep and patriotic loyalty rather than of egotism. Lansing, equally with Page, House and Wilson, remains an outstanding figure in American diplomacy, the one professional diplomat among them, for which reason he would be less easily understood than the more flamboyant and picturesque figures of domestic politics.

Neutrality is not picturesque. There is no passion in the law. It is only when men have tasted the full horrors of war and have turned definitely to peace that they can recognize the true worth of those men who kept their passions chained and worked for peace regardless of their friends, their enemies or their ambitions. Those are the grey figures in the panorama of war, but once known and recognized they may also be the lasting ones.

Mallorca: November Hurricane

Rose-ochre, not quite brown
Flood-water rushes down
Gilded with oranges
Shaken from wading trees.

Caught in the dance they whirl
One with the stream to swirl
Through the flood-deepened breach
Of shell-and-pebble beach.

Now in the harbor lost
Bright oranges are tossed.
Meant for the children's lips,
They drown among the ships.

Hundreds are swept away
Into the curdled grey
Of depths opaque and salt.
Was it the wind's fault,

Or the fruit-pelting rain's,
Or the sea's? But none complains
Of ravage such as this,
Knowing what the sea is.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

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THE SISTERS OF BRITTANY

By MARGARET R. MILLAR

MANY years ago, before the war, I read in one of our leading newspapers an account of the closing of a convent in Brittany. It was merely a paragraph stating the commands of the government authorities, the attempts of the soldiers to carry them out and what the writer called "the fanatical resistance of the people."

I had read many such notices and had become in a measure used to them, but these last words held my attention and brought back vividly to my memory the picture of a large fishing village, ten miles from the railway, on the Côte du Nord where I once spent a summer. There I became intensely interested in the character of the Breton peasant, his strength, his weaknesses, his loyalty, his piety, his hard life and his many needs.

There was no hotel worthy the name in the place, but the sisters received paying guests during the summer months in a wing they had added to their ancient stone monastery. The parish church and the cemetery were just at the convent gates, and from there the one straggling, narrow street stretched inland toward the south. Just over the hill lay the harbor with its fleet of small fishing boats.

The sisters were women of refinement and finished education. Many of them had given up much that the world holds dearest for work among these poor fishermen. They really belonged to them, and they shared with them every grief and every joy. Their work was a study in practical charity that those of us who looked on thoughtfully could never forget. There was no condescension, no pauperizing, no lowering of self-respect, but true helpfulness, real friendship, consolation and a wise training.

Ten months of the year the sisters taught school. It was a funny sight to see the children arrive early, very early in the morning, the older girls with their long skirts and white caps, nearly every one of them leading younger brothers and sisters by the hand, or carrying babies in their arms. For these children must care for each other while their mothers are off in the boats, helping their fathers and brothers with the heavy nets. These poor women left home long before daylight, and often stood for hours in the icy cold water, even in the winter months.

Besides their religious instruction and a solid common school education, these little girls were taught sewing and knitting, and were so trained in the ordinary household duties as to be fitted to go out to service later on, or to manage their own little homes. They were all neat, and had grave, sweet manners, and their motherly care of the babies made one understand why a Breton nurse is valued above all others in the French families. They remained at school all day, well cared for and surrounded by influences that not only awakened and developed their minds but trained their hearts as well.

During school hours the babies were cared for in another part of the house, but one day as I looked into the big schoolroom I saw the nun in charge teaching her class with a baby on each arm. She explained that the poor little things had fretted at being separated from their sisters, and so she kept them there—that it did not trouble her in the least, they were so good. Her smile told all the love in her heart for these little children.

The sick and the hungry were free to come at any hour to the convent for help. No one was turned away, but sometimes the bowl of soup was seasoned with a sound reproof, if the need for charity came from laziness, or from drinking: the vice of the country. I have seen one of the older sisters expostulating with a weather-beaten sailor as a mother would with a wayward child, and when he went away with downcast head his: "Oui, ma soeur, je vous promets" was an equivalent for our signing the pledge.

Every morning two sisters went through the village to care for those too ill or too helpless to leave their houses. One man was an imbecile, without a relative in the world. He had been a brave fisherman and had saved the lives of two men in a shipwreck, but the shock, the fatigue and the strain of prolonged swimming in the cold water had caused paralysis. He was washed and dressed like a child, and then left in charge of an old woman, herself almost a cripple. And here came in an interesting feature of the sisters' plan. Their effort was not only to train these people to help themselves, but to help each other, and it was the village people who fed these two.

Of course they cared for the new-born babies, and they watched with the dying and closed their eyes. When a baby was baptized it was brought directly from the church to the convent, and the proud father invariably presented the sisters, as he had already M. le Curé, with a box of sugared almonds, in honor of the event. If he were not too poor, he threw great handfuls of them to everyone he passed in the street as he returned home—but the school children were sure of their treat anyway, the sisters' box was theirs to the last almond it contained.

If there were a marriage, the bride and groom came in their quaint costumes to receive the sisters' good wishes before taking their place at the head of the wedding part in the triumphant procession.

It was the sisters who walked directly behind the hearse at funerals; flowers from their garden covered the coffin and wreaths woven by their own hands were laid on the new-made graves.

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Money had become scarce in this isolated place. The fisheries yielded at best only a scanty living, and, in spite of frugal habits and economy, there was much suffering. The younger men grew restless and left for the large ports to ship on board the boats going to Newfoundland for cod. Alas! every year there were some ships that never returned, and the list of widows and orphans grew longer and longer. Something must be done, so when school closed one summer the sisters opened the new wing, built through a hard and stormy winter, to strangers, who came not only from France but from across the channel.

It took heroic courage on their part to let the world invade the privacy of their gardens and buildings. The village people, partly from the Breton's natural dislike of strangers, had at first objected strongly to so unconservative a move, but the sisters saw further than they, and quietly persisted in their plans.

Several shops were opened in private houses for the sale of Breton pottery and all sorts of curiosities. Others laid in a stock of shrimp nets and things necessary for fishing. One or two old fish-wives acted as guides across the flats at low tide, making profit of their knowledge of the pools, and their skill in catching crevettes. Some of the fishing boats were cleaned and painted and turned into pleasure boats. Bath houses were built along the beach, and let by the month or season. By degrees the owner of the one clumsy stage-coach developed a well-equipped livery stable. The bakers had to build larger ovens to supply bread and cakes. In other words, the sleepy little hamlet was awakened in earnest.

A band of women, most of them widows, were carefully trained to do fine washing and ironing, and the work was so distributed among them every week by the nuns in charge that each might have her share. Others earned money by doing plain sewing or knitting. As for the sisters themselves, they not only attended to the comfort of those under their roof, but they gave lessons in French to the English children and formed classes for the older people as well.

The guests, French and English, Protestants and Catholics alike, showed their enthusiasm for the sisters' work by giving every year a benefit entertainment among themselves, and also by voluntary offerings. Nothing was ever begged from them except their old clothes on their departure, and these were cleaned or dyed, and then altered by those skilful fingers which had been taught how to do everything by love for their needy ones.

An English lady told me she had come to the convent three years before a Protestant, and even a prejudiced one, but that the utter self-forgetfulness and complete self-sacrifice of these women had made her ask herself repeatedly: "What do they do all this for? Surely no human motive, no merely philanthropic idea, could given them strength enough for such a life." The year following she returned a Catholic, with the questioned answered.

TOLERANCE

By CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN

TOLERANCE in the United States has been once more assailed. The school histories that talk of it as a native growth are once more belied. But instead of being lazily cynical about this, we may bestir ourselves with some confidence. The very organizing of American intolerance to assert itself, to publish, to advertise, shows a fear not only of the Americans who are attacked, but also of American tolerance. If we do not look out, this propaganda implies, tolerance will become a national habit. The habit is not so easy. Though it has progressed, it still needs cultivation. It will not thrive on mere sentimental reminiscence of the "freedom to worship God" sought by the Pilgrims, or of the "brotherly love" of William Penn. Persecution, which taught Roger Williams, may spur us on to think tolerance out and to carry it forward.

The first step is to see more clearly what tolerance is. We have been complacent enough to confuse it with one of two cheap substitutes: American easy good nature and American indifference to creed. Neither of these will stand any strain; neither is tolerance. Good nature falls short of tolerance; indifference is another habit altogether. He who does not differ, he who does not care, should not be called tolerant. Tolerance is not unconcern; it is concern that respects the concerns of others. That men of differing convictions may honestly and effectively live together was demonstrated in our colonies and our first states, slowly but surely. The repression and exclusion which they had suffered, or which they in turn imposed, remind us that what intolerance spares today it may strike tomorrow. But the lesson of our history is larger than mere prudence. It is that tolerance is the way to unity. Intolerance has no higher vision than uniformity, and has never attained even that. Tolerance sees something better than the reduction of men to a common denominator. It makes common cause among men of differing views because good-will must begin in free will.

The tolerant regard freedom as vital to the progress of truth. They believe that truth in religion and politics—in whatever directly concerns persons—is won most surely by personal growth, and that it spreads most effectively from man to man. This putting of the highest value on persons leads the tolerant to seek a better measure than classification. They look beneath the label of party or sect or race. They become readier to recognize personal worth by learning to think in terms of personal value and personal growth. They desire a society promoting personal expression and offering free personal contacts.

Sensitiveness to personal values, even strange values, is far more than courtesy, and quite different from uncertainty. It comes from a sincere desire to

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promote growth in oneself and in others. Tolerance begins not in giving convictions up, but in giving them out with a readiness to hear and weigh the convictions of others. So one learns how to make his social contribution to the spread of truth. My conception, meeting my neighbor's in the give-and-take of real intercourse, will at least be better defined, and may be enriched. If it be merely confirmed, or superseded, still each of us has helped the other to grow. Tolerance opens the education of fellowship. Our colleges are our most tolerant communities because in a common enterprise of growth they measure habitually by personality and fellowship.

An old clubman assailing a newspaper with vehement abuse added: "Not that I ever read the stuff. I wouldn't be seen with it in my hand." The frankness of the confession may be unusual; the habit of mind is familiar. For all its bluster, intolerance is rooted in fear. The habit of standing guard against whole sections of our fellowmen blocks the progress that we might make together. It reduces conversation to an echo or a clash of prejudices. On the other hand, discussion becomes significant and educative largely in proportion as we endeavor to comprehend the view of life behind the views, the impulse and motive behind the proposal, the arguer behind the argument. Such a habit is a tried way of discovering how to make one's own faith constructive in his own society.

Intolerance is active bigotry. As intolerance is neither indifference nor scepticism, so bigotry is neither faith nor creed. Bigotry is the closing of the mind to other aspects than those which one has defined for himself. Tolerance is openness of mind among men whose social or political or religious creeds are clear. Because they believe, not merely accept, they value belief in others. Therefore in trying to convert to their own way of thinking they will not deride nor oppress, nor even suspect, the other faith. Rather, their hope for others, as for themselves, is of growing from faith to faith; and they are deeply convinced that such growth demands freedom.

During the late war there was current a story of two army chaplains serving at the front, one a priest, the other a rabbi. The priest, bending to give the last rites to a dying soldier, was himself killed by a fragment of shell. The rabbi, taking the crucifix from the dead hand, held it before the dying eyes. To interpret that story as meaning that all faiths are alike good is intellectually evasive and spiritually paralyzing. Not in spite of his faith, but because of it, the rabbi had the vision to do that beautiful deed. To interpret it as indifference is insulting. Not because all faiths are equally valid, nor because none of them is valid, does tolerance send to a battle-front both rabbi and priest, but because it believes freedom to be the best soil for personal growth. Tolerance is a means, not an end; but it is a means that we cannot do without. For truth spreads from man to man.

A REAL UNCLE TOM

By CHARLES LYON CHANDLER

THE character who was created by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe under the name of Uncle Tom, having burst the covers of the novel to become the most popular and the most lasting figure on the American stage, blooming ever while many Abies and their Irish Roses withered and faded into memories, has reached the movie houses in one of the most pretentious presentations of recent years. The reason is not far to seek: Uncle Tom is real, he has universal appeal, he evokes sympathy and compels admiration.

There was no original of the character in the mind of Mrs. Stowe when she wrote her famous novel; to the author, Uncle Tom was a typification rather than an individual. Yet in 1852—the year in which Uncle Tom's Cabin was completed serially and issued in book form—there died in New York a colored man whose obituary in the New York Evening Post was headed Uncle Tom Not an Apocryphal Character. In the course of the article the Evening Post said:

> A correspondent suggests to us that the aged black man, Pierre Toussaint, who came to this city nearly sixty years ago from Santo Domingo, and last week closed a long, useful and blameless life, might, if Mrs. Stowe could have been supposed to have known him, have sat as the original of the portraiture to which she gave the name of Uncle Tom.

For sixty years Pierre Toussaint had attended Mass at six in the morning, as punctual as a clock, until prostrated by illness. At his funeral at Saint Peter's Church, Father Quin dwelt at length on "the aid he had given to the late Bishop Fenwick of Boston, to Father Powers of New York, to all the Catholic institutions," and added that "There were few left among the clergy superior to him in devotion and zeal for the Church and for the glory of God; among laymen, none."

Pierre Toussaint was born a slave in 1766, at St. Marc, on the Plantation de l'Artibonite, in what is now Haiti; and his family seems to have been attached to the service of that of the Berards, who then owned the Artibonite plantation, for at least three generations. About the year 1787, M. Berard, whose business affairs seem to have become somewhat involved, came to New York, bringing Toussaint among his other slaves. Soon after their arrival he paid $50 to have Toussaint learn the hair-dressing business—which proved to be his only profitable investment; for in about two years he died penniless. Toussaint supported his widow until her marriage with another Haitian refugee, M. Nicolas; but she did not long survive the second marriage. Just before her death she legally emancipated Toussaint.

In 1811 he married Juliette Noel, like himself a former Haitian slave; and his affairs prospered. He

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lived in a pleasant and commodious house on Franklin Street. A friend wrote of them: "They were conscientious Catholics; charity was for them not only a religious duty, but a spontaneous feeling of the heart." He was much interested in the Catholic orphan school for white children, and each year, on the saint's day of a little niece of his who died, he "always filled a large basket with buns, jumbles and gingerbread, which he carried to the orphan asylum."

Toussaint was constant and diligent in his continuous efforts to assist the Haitian refugees, of whom there were a number in New York in unfortunate circumstances. "Often he smoothed the pillow and administered relief to disease." He took a white man into his house in one of the yellow fever epidemics, "nursed him, watched over him and restored him to health."

Many changes in the fashions of hairdressing took place in Toussaint's business career in New York. "Immense fabrics were reared upon the female head," when he began his sixty years' career; and it was not long before they were succeeded by "perukes or wigs." After an interval, "the natural hair was suffered to grow, and what were called crops succeeded, with the short hair curled over the head," while before Toussaint's activities closed "the Grecian fashion was adopted—the hair fastened on the back of the head and falling in curls like those of the sculptured Venus." No wonder Toussaint philosophized—"Fashion keep change, change; all good, the way poor people live."

Once when a lady asked Toussaint if he was an abolitionist, he shuddered and replied: "They have never seen blood flow as I have," and added, "They don't know what they are doing." When the colored people of New York celebrated their release from bondage, on July 5, 1800, they offered a prominent part in the procession to Toussaint. He declined, saying: "I do not owe my freedom to the state, but to my mistress." To the end of his days neither Toussaint nor his wife would eat at table with white people. Though at times they invited them to their houses—especially the Haitian refugees—and offered them refreshment, Toussaint had what one of his biographers described as a "self-respect in avoiding what he knew was unwelcome."

It was said of Toussaint that he was never without a prayer book in his pocket, and that "the maxims of Thomas à Kempis were frequently introduced in his serious conversation."

Queen and Handmaid

Queen, with the searching eyes and captious tongue,
You set too hard a task,
To show the skill of age while I am young
Is all too much to ask.

I shall do finer work when I am old,
On stuff of heavier ply.
The leaves put on their violet, red and gold
When they are ripe to die.

CLARIBEL WEEKS AVERY.

DIE AEGYPTISCHE HELENA

By GRENVILLE VERNON

WHEN the sound and fury, the stentorian shoutings and the inexplicable actions of the characters in Die Aegyptische Helena have dissolved themselves into the emptiness from which they sprang, there still remains a tiny residuum, but whether this residuum justifies the luxurious production lavished by the Metropolitan Opera Company on this, the latest of the operas of Richard Strauss, may very well be doubted.

It is no news that Strauss is a master of the technique of the orchestra, yet it is this technique which is the only discernible merit of the opera which was given on the night of November 6 as the first of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's novelties of the present season.

There was once a time, certainly, when Richard Strauss was hailed as the successor to Richard Wagner, and in those nights long past we youthful enthusiasts used to sit in Brown's Chop House over our beer and argue about Salome and Elektra and the symphonic poems until the dawn grew white over Broadway, a dawn into which Herr Schubert kindly but firmly showed us the way. When all is said and done there is today no composer who keeps the youth of 1928 thrilling with enthusiasm into the small hours of a Broadway morning as Strauss kept the youth of 1908. Perhaps this is partly due to Mr. Volstead, but after all the early Strauss did have something which was more than mere talent. But the days of Salome and Don Juan are far away, and Die Aegyptische Helena proves it in no uncertain fashion. In short, Die Aegyptische Helena is a bore.

The libretto of Die Aegyptische Helena is by Hugo von Hofmannstahl, and it is about as futile and confused and undramatic as any libretto in the whole history of opera. It deals with Helen of Troy and her reconquest of the love of her husband, Menelaus, who, at first desirous of killing her for her betrayal of his honor, is persuaded by her with the help of the magician, Aethra, into believing that the Helen who eloped with Paris is a phantom and that the real Helen had remained always faithful to him.

Throughout this entire farrago there is, unbelievably enough, not a single moment of truly human emotion, and it is therefore no wonder that Strauss found himself unable to clothe it in anything approaching musical investiture. Strauss, at his best always prolix, is here interminable. There is almost a pathos in his desperate efforts to remember the melodic passages which made his early work unforgettable. He strives, and strives, and again strives—and gets nowhere. Of course he exhausts the capacities of the orchestra, that is in a purely technical sense. There are few musical tricks which Strauss does not know, but tricks never made an interesting opera. A composer must have something to say, and in Die Aegyptische Helena Strauss says nothing.

The performance itself was equally disappointing, except for the Aethra of Editha Fleisher. Miss Fleisher sings like an artist and does the best she can to make the character possible. Madame Jeritza has her blond beauty and her statuesque figure to atone for her strident singing and her awkwardness of movement. Herr Laubenthal was the Menelaus. It is kindest to let it rest at that. The scenery was by Mr. Urban, and was effective in the first act, but stiff and stolid in the second. Mr. Bodanzky conducted and he did his best to make the music sound as it should sound. It wasn't his fault that he didn't succeed in his attempt.

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COMMUNICATIONS

A LETTER FROM MR. MARSHALL

Millbrook, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In The Calvert Handbook of Catholic Facts, on page 58, it is stated that my open letter to Governor Smith in the Atlantic Monthly may be cited "as an example of the misuse of quotations because it misquotes upon matters in which all Americans are at the present time vitally interested." Express reference is made there to my persistence in other and more extensive misquotations in my book, The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State. To support these unpleasant and discreditable imputations you cite from my letter to Governor Smith only a single misquotation made therein by me from the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on The Christian Constitution of States.

Shortly after the publication of my letter, and before Governor Smith answered, I found that inaccurate clerical work had resulted in the serious misquotation in question. I at once wrote to the Atlantic Monthly, to Governor Smith, to the Reverend Wilfrid Parsons, editor of America, and to others who I knew had my letter before them, stating that I wholly withdrew and canceled the misquotation. Governor Smith, in his reply to my letter, with characteristic courtesy accepted my correction and made no reference to the misquotation. On page 53 of my late book, Governor Smith's American Catholicism, which reprints my letter to Governor Smith, you will find a note canceling the quotation in question as error.

I can readily understand that the Calvert Associates in preparing their Handbook might have been unaware of my action in canceling the quotation, but I beg that in future editions due correction may be made of the injustice done me.

I must leave to the sense of fairness of the Calvert Associates the moral question as to whether one misquotation (even if it had not been withdrawn) would sustain the public charges of "misuse of quotations," "extensive misquotations," and persistence by me therein, made against me in their Handbook.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

WHAT I SAW IN MEXICO

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—In one of your issues containing articles on Mexico by Mr. Saunders, I am taken to task for having written, in Editor and Publisher, an article which your editorial writer construes as having charged with "ignorance" all American readers who feel dissatisfied with despatches sent by resident correspondents from Mexico City.

I believe if your writer had had before him the entire article he would have understood my meaning when I said: "When American readers find Mexican news less explanatory, less sensational, than they believe it should be, it is because they don't know Mexico, and not because of any defect in the service American papers are getting."

My article was devoted to showing that the Mexican government, under article XXXIII of the constitution may, and does, expel, without explanation, any correspondent—or any other foreigner—of whose presence it does not approve.

I did not keep a copy of the article, but the files of Editor and Publisher will uphold me in the statement that I said that article XXXIII was a Damoclean sword over the heads of foreign correspondents; that one of the correspondents said to me: "There's no denying that we are Calles's boys," and gave an instance of the correspondents having to make a choice between publishing the Mexican government's version of a train robbery, or publishing what would, perhaps, send them out of Mexico.

My article was on the personnel of the corps of foreign correspondents, which includes several men distinguished in their profession, and at least two men distinguished in letters —George Abel Schreiner and Dr. John Hubert Cornyn. My argument was merely that such men give their papers the best service that is possible in the circumstances.

Perhaps my meaning, especially in an isolated quotation, would have been clearer had I said, instead of "don't know Mexico," "don't know the difficulties under which correspondents in Mexico labor," but I don't believe anyone who read the whole article misunderstood me. At any rate the article provoked a letter from a former resident correspondent in Mexico City, now a resident of New York, expressing the view that I exaggerated. He said all of the news of the Obregon murder and subsequent events had come through to American papers.

Beyond a doubt, the real story of rebel movements in Mexico is untold. In my opinion, based on study of Mexican conditions during a too brief sojourn in Mexico, there is a highly interesting, untold story in how President Calles ran the steam roller, in September, over the Obregonistas who, in July, chased Louis N. Morones out of the Cabinet, by a midnight ultimatum, and forecast the selection of an Obregonista as provisional President.

I believe that an excellent story could be written about President Calles's speech of renunciation, to which a majority of American newspapers "reacted" in laudatory editorials, upon the face of guarded chronicles of the event, and the text of the very clever and carefully calculated utterance of Calles.

For better relations between Mexico and the United States, and for the progress of Mexico, nothing could be more valuable than real freedom of the Mexican press and foreign correspondents, whose difficulties Mr. Saunders discusses.

TOM WALLACE.
Chief of the Editorial Staff,
The Louisville Times.

MATERIALISM BY EXPRESS

Roland Park, Md.

TO the Editor:—In a recent number of The Commonweal, an excellent article, Materialism by Express, calls attention to the strange neglect of the Church to get in touch with Chinese who are sojourning in the United States. And this applies not only to students and what may be called the upper class, but also to the thousands of Chinese laundrymen scattered over the country. These men are ignorant of the existence of the Catholic Church. And when they go back to China, as very many do, they tell our missionaries that the only Church in the United States is the Protestant Church. Our separated brethren do book them up and take them in hand.

It seems that some of our missionary societies could do a work of importance by distributing leaflets in Chinese, short and to the point, giving statistics concerning the Catholic Church, its doctrines, age, and its power and importance everywhere, but especially in the United States, and inviting them to visit the nearest Catholic Church at Mass time.

Of course this alone would not convert them, but it would be a start, and might get into their letters home, and would back up the statements of our missionaries in far-off China.

ALLAN MORAN.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

This Year of Grace

WELL—the English still have the better of it when it comes to concocting and staging a so-called intimate review. A few years ago it was Charlot who introduced us to this particular type of amiable and witty entertainment (and incidentally to Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence at the same time). The American copyists began at once to follow his lead, some of them with moderate success. The Grand Streeters had always been doing this sort of thing in a quiet way, and promptly came into greater vogue as Broadway learned to appreciate them. We began to hope that, Ziegfeld aside, we were in for a new era in reviews of wit and simplicity.

Then something happened. Charlot came back and tried to repeat his first success. He was too confident and careless. His material seemed stale. It reached out for sophistication and only got daubed with Broadway dirt. Broadway itself turned back to its old game of more and more girls and fewer and fewer clothes and less and less wit and a plethora of leering jokes. A few producers tried a compromise type of review—and failed. The refreshing breeze that Charlot brought over seemed to have died down completely. And then, of a sudden November evening, Charles B. Cochran opens up with This Year of Grace, and simplified showmanship comes back into its own. It is not quite as clean a wind as the first Charlot. It has distinctly decadent moments. But for sheer wit, brevity, speed and simplicity throughout the greater part of the evening, it certainly has no equal on our stage today.

Much of its success we can attribute at once to that versatile young man, Noel Coward, who has written for it all the music, lyrics and sketches. For the rest we can thank the inimitable clowning of Beatrice Lillie and the expert direction of Mr. Cochran. And if we live to be a hundred, probably none of us will ever forget a certain waltz danced by Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana—beyond doubt the most deliciously poetic and perfectly executed thing of its kind to be seen anywhere. I have seen many couples start out well, only to end by disfiguring the very spirit of the waltz with awkward acrobatics. I have seen others sustain a mood, but without glamour. Moss and Fontana have here achieved something of classic loveliness and surpassing grace and radiance. It makes one think only of the rich groundswell of a sea under a warm moon.

But to return to the review—for the Moss-Fontana waltz is an interlude quite by itself—the economy of Mr. Coward's wit is best illustrated by the series of sketches he has grouped together under the title of the Theatre Guide. We are all familiar with the rather lengthy and sometimes amusing skits on current productions in the average review. Compare them, then, to the following satiric comment on Miss Le Gallienne and her Civic Repertory Theatre. It is called Any Civic Repertory Play. The curtain rises on a black-curtained stage, with a woman in black velvet seated despairingly at a table. She raises her arms. She cries out—"Ah—such pain!" The curtain drops. That is all. But where, in the name of all the muses, can you find so much comment in so few words?

When it comes to the work of Beatrice Lillie, one is a bit bewildered in trying to dissect its qualities. She does the same things she has been doing for the last four years—at least in gesture and pantomime. The surface details are different, but the mechanism of comedy and drollery is the same. Yet it strikes you as freshly as the first time you saw it. You can only say that, like Chaplin, she has struck certain great universals in the art of clowning which never take on age. She strikes a perfect balance between the grotesque and the serious, between the pathetic and the satirical.

Noel Coward also appears in the review and to very telling effect. He is, as everyone knows by this time, a capable actor. He has a clear-cut quality of distinction, both in writing and in the actor's technique, and above all a magnificent sense of rhythm. When you think that he can write as intensely tragic a play as The Vortex, and act its leading rôle with poignant conviction; that he can write the entire musical score for the present review, all the sketches and all the lyrics, dance capably, clown effectively and be a polished and humorous master of ceremonies as well; you have a fair picture of one of the most versatile talents of our day. This Year of Grace is not a perfect prescription, in the sense that it has no objectionable moments, but it distinctly does include some of the finest elements of the intimate review yet seen in New York. (At the Selwyn Theatre.)

A Man With Red Hair

THIS play is a dramatization of Hugh Walpole's study in sadism—a novel bearing the same title. Evidently the intention of Benn W. Levy in dramatizing it was to create a melodramatic thriller. Considering the material offered by the book, he came very near to success. But the cards were against him. The book is really a pathological study, when taken objectively, and a rather terrible revelation of the author's own fantasy, when studied as a sort of hazy symbolism. In either case it makes depressing reading, and offers the playwright not one ray of illumination to counterpoise its progressive horror. It is typical of the material for which the Grand Guignol Theatre in Paris is famous.

Of course, if you want to be very objective and offer excuses for the plot, you can say that it is a story of retributive justice. But this is straining rather heavily. There is no particular struggle of forces in the play, the horror being, as I have said, progressive, until it more or less devours itself. When all is said and done, the sadism of the plot as well as of the main character stands there boldly, without other excuse than its service to melodrama. I doubt very much if the public will respond with great enthusiasm to anything so one-sided, in spite of the distinct merits of the acting and the excellence of much of the writing and play structure.

The story concerns a girl and two men who come under the sinister influence and power of Mr. Crispin, the man with red hair, in his remote home outside Treliss in Cornwall. His home is a castle of strange iniquity, where Crispin lives out his life theory that men can become like gods only if they experience torture and pain. The intimations are that Crispin is demented. He is certainly highly abnormal—one of his diversions having been to cut out the tongues of his three Japanese servants. By a freak contrast, he is also a lover of the beautiful, a collector of rare etchings, and indulges himself in all the aesthetic sensations. He forces the girl, Hesther Tobin,

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to marry his curious son, and plans to murder slowly, after various tortures, the two men who try to rescue and befriend her. He is thwarted only by the sudden and terrible revolt of his three Japanese servants, who, at the last curtain, are seen taking him to the tower to inflict upon him the self-same tortures he has practised on others.

The early part of the play gains much strength, dramatically speaking, from suggestive restraint. Most of the horrors are merely indicated. But in the last act, the attempted realism actually induces the effect of anti-climax, leaving one only with a sense of general nausea. The real trouble with the story is the particularity of its subject matter. It touches very few universal qualities, or, at best, only in so exaggerated a form as to make them seem quite apart from ordinary human experience.

Most of the acting is of a very high order. Only one man, Barry O'Neill, is conspicuously poor. Harold Vermilyea as the sensitive American aesthete is excellent, and Mary Kennedy as the girl does some of the best work of her career. But the main interest centers, of course, in Edward G. Robinson as Mr. Crispin. Robinson is undoubtedly one of the best character actors in America. The list of his achievements is notable, many of them with the Theatre Guild. Whatever he touches is individual, distinct and entirely an interior creation. He changes not only his make-up but his entire personality with every new part. He has no perceptible mannerisms. He is one of the few really creative artists of the profession, and Crispin undoubtedly furnishes him with abundant material for his powers.

I think that someday there will be a Robinson portrait gallery, in which you will see as living and distinct creations, the lecherous but always imperial Caesar of Androcles, the furtive epileptic of the Brothers Karamazov, the stalwart and forthright Diaz of Maximilian and Juarez, the Jew rag merchant of Goat Song, the laconic Italian innkeeper of the Man of Destiny, the sinister Nick Scarsi of The Racket, the self-tortured and horrorful Crispin and many others. In each one, Robinson disappears and the character emerges like a new flame. I predict rather confidently that within a very few years people will be writing and producing plays especially for Edward Robinson, as they do today for George Arliss—only they will be doing it to more artistic purpose and result. (At the Garrick Theatre.)

In Old Hoboken

THERE'S a theatre across the river in Hoboken, where Lilly Langtry once played, so they say, and where today, if you're so minded, you can see a valiant little stock company assembled by Christopher Morley, Cleon Throckmorton, Harry Gribble and Conrad Milliken. The company has about five days to rehearse each new play—but they have so much fun doing the impossible that the spirit of it floods across the footlights and leaves you utterly charmed and highly uncritical. New plays are mixed in with old ones, and quite recently there was a première that matched for brilliancy of audience any Broadway first night.

This was the opening of Christopher Morley's own international hilarity called Pleased to Meet You. It was a general mixture of Molière, Shaw, Erskine, Barrie and a few others, in a form hardly ripe as yet for Broadway, but with many promising slices for future fare. The point is—you just had to sit back and be amiable about it. And where else—save in this Last Seacoast of Bohemia, as they call it—could you develop and maintain so generous a frame of mind?

BOOKS

Matter-of-Fact Poland

Ashes, by Stefan Zeromski. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.00.

THE Polish shelf in the American library of fiction grows steadily. Sienkiewicz, first made known to us through Quo Vadis, is the pioneer; he offers us half a dozen volumes, including his noble trilogy Pan Michael, With Fire and Sword, The Deluge. Reymont, with his four-volume The Peasants, and his two volumes of The Promised Land, almost equals Sienkiewicz in bulk, if not in variety. These two, to date, have been the major figures of Polish imaginative literature in English. Glowacki, Prsybyszewski, Madame Kossak, and others, are likewise there, and, of course, Conrad. The whole effect is of a growing interest in this country in the literature of Poland.

All of these writings, summed up, give an impression of great vitality. One by one as these books appear we learn that the Polish imagination, in full play, is abundant, vigorous, robust; indeed, almost unbridled in its power. The appearance now of the first English translation of Stefan Zeromski's Ashes confirms this impression. Of Zeromski's place in his native land it may be said that, if he be not the most forceful of all modern Polish novelists, he easily disputes that rank with Reymont. It is a draw between them. Such a keen and conservative critic as Joseph Conrad called Zeromski "the greatest master of Polish literature."

If Zeromski's aim, beyond the simple impulse of his genius, was to offset some of the romanticism of Sienkiewicz, he succeeded in Ashes. For his scene he chose the Napoleonic era, with which the fate and destiny of Poland was so inextricably and so tragically linked. But with the courage of a master he chose, not some isolated segment of that period—as he might have chosen, for instance, the coming of Napoleon to Poland—but the whole Napoleonic era. His canvas is not alone Poland, but the continent of Europe, and even the Antilles—wherever the Polish legions fought under the standard of the conqueror.

The choice of so broad a canvas as this explains a certain lack of unity in the novel. Inevitably, Zeromski's protagonists separate and scatter; inevitably there must be a wide diversion of scene and action. And this tells against the story as a unified whole. Nevertheless, the master's hand is seen often at work, with craft as well as power, in the arrangement of his narrative. The story of the wanderings of Oyrynski, the crippled légionnaire, told by himself to the two chief characters in the novel, Christopher and Raphael, is a good example of this craft. The story itself is a tour de force; it is equal to such pages as those which Hugo devoted to Waterloo. Oyrynski appears but once; he is distinctly a subsidiary character, so far as the plot in its externals is concerned. But he is a major character in relation to the novelist's theme. The use made of the figure of Napoleon is another example of Zeromski's craftsmanship. Only once or twice does the emperor appear in person—although when he does, he comes so vividly to the eye that one cannot forget that terrible little man, "his face carven out of some strange metal"; but the tread of his imperial foot, the beat of his war drums, shakes through the story from beginning to end. At all times he is as inevitable to us as he is to Cedro and Olbromski.

The adventures of Raphael Olbromski and his friend Christopher Cedro make up the bulk of the story. But, after

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all, it is not their adventures that count. It is their characters. Here the Slavic genius for probing to the core of the soul of a man, to the marrow of his bones, comes into full play. True, to the western reader these men at times appear to be strangely inconsistent; they veer from one passion to another too swiftly, too violently, to seem always real. Nevertheless they are living creatures; and unquestionably they are authentic types of the over-individualized character of the Pole, much of whose national tragedy can be attributed to just this characteristic—his violent individuality. If these men are capable of terrible degradations, they are equally capable of exaltations of the spirit almost unbelievable. The one thing that Zeromski has left out in the depiction of practically all of his characters is the inherent and traditional devotion to religion which is, undeniably, a Polish trait. His men are godless, even in their highest moments.

If a reader be looking for a tract against war, as so many readers are at the present time, Ashes will satisfy him. Zeromski leaves nothing unpictured in his scenes of carnage and depredation. The pages which he devotes to the sacking and pollution of the convent at El Gracia are too painful to read. And there are other such pages, too many of which, taken out of the context, might be labeled as violations of art and good taste. As parts of the whole, however, as discordant strains of an epic composition, they may be allowed. The total effect must be considered; and the total effect of Ashes is one of stupendous power if not always of grandeur.

Ashes, as herewith published, may be accepted as a real contribution to world literature, and as one more evidence of the amazing vitality of Polish genius; and this in spite of the fact that the present edition of the book is abridged, and the translation, while rich and smooth on the whole, is at times marred by disturbing crudities.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Gauging the Forward March

Recent Gains in American Civilization, by a group of distinguished critics of contemporary life. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

Living in the Twentieth Century, by Harry Elmer Barnes. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

The American Omen, by Garet Garrett. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE world has been going to the bow-wows for such a long time, and particularly since the war, that it is somewhat of a surprise to discover that apparently the earth still revolves on its axis, that it continues to circle the sun, that water still runs and plants grow and the human race—or at any rate that section of it which inhabits what Mr. Mencken so felicitously terms "these United States"—continues to progress.

Here, at any rate, are three books to prove it in so many words that one has not the heart or the will to count them. The editor of the World Tomorrow, Mr. Kirby Page, has sponsored a stimulating and exceedingly well-written symposium on the "gains" in American "civilization," (the quotation marks are ours) for time was when it would have been strenuously denied that there was such a thing as an American "civilization," while the notion that such a chimerical concept could be anything but on the down-grade is still articulately maintained in sophisticated circles. Harry Elmer Barnes, of Smith College, seems to have turned his attention from the subject of war guilt, after having settled it to the satisfaction of everybody but the allied and associated nations of the world war, and from the reform of the criminal, to the congenial task of rewriting the Encyclopedia Britannica for the man in the street. Garet Garrett has written a book—or rather, a rhapsody, a psalm, a paean—on the subject of American industrial progress.

All these books differ from one another in glory, but—and this is the point that seems most significant—all are agreed that things are improving, whether the writers be of the radical temper which went into the making of Recent Gains in American Civilization, or of the hard-boiled determinist credo which characterizes Professor Barnes, or of the peculiar conservative-progressive complexion of Mr. Garrett. By all odds, however, it must be admitted that the group of fifteen essays edited by Kirby Page are the best reading and the most worthy of attention.

It is, for example, surprising to find Professor Beard rising to the defense of Congress with the thesis, which is well held and thoroughly documented, that "The Congress of the United States, on a fair balance, contains as much capacity to deal with the problem in front of it (problems a hundred times more complicated than those of the eighteenth century) as in any previous period of its history and has today a higher code of public and personal honor (given the opportunities for peculation) than in 1890, 1870, 1833 or 1789."

Stuart Chase, despite his light-hearted vivisection of big business motives and methods, admits that "there is more to go round than there used to be, real wages have definitely risen, the standard of living of the American people has gone up." Although Norman Thomas is "not an optimist about the outlook for peace" and is "fearful for the rôle my country may play as the greatest empire in the world," he rejoices that "we are learning to substitute realism for romanticism in facing the problem of war and peace." Charles Johnson remarks that "lynchings have decreased 90 percent since 1892." Oswald Villard looks upon the New York Times and a few other newspapers and finds them pretty good. Mary Austin argues that "foremost of recent literary gains in the United States, we must rank the better-informed and broadened attitude of the reading public." On the other hand, Mr. Schilpp observes that "science, instead of putting man or the child 'in the midst' is dehumanizing the universe in behalf of unknown quantities."

It is precisely this dehumanization of knowledge which pleases Professor Barnes. Although there is an irritating encyclopedic and authoritarian tone to his Living in the Twentieth Century, he has performed a valuable service in putting in fairly simple terms the scientific, mechanical, chemical, industrial, social, economic, political and international aspects of modern life. And he is entirely right in stressing the fact that this progress is bound to affect our ways of thought.

"We all realize today that we ride in automobiles and subways instead of stage-coaches, and that we have thermostatically-controlled heating plants rather than ineffective antique fireplaces, but we generally fail to recognize that, accompanying these alterations in material civilization, there must come equal transformations in our whole intellectual outlook on such things as the cosmos, God, the world, man, and the objectives of human life."

Nevertheless, one must demur slightly at his deduction, from the fact that "modern biology, physiology and psychology offer simply unlimited proof that the free-will hypothesis is as incapable of scientific proof as" (but skip the simile) "it quickly becomes apparent that no one can be held personally

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responsible for his actions." In criminology, therefore, he is opposed to punishment. However, it does not occur to him that, if his thesis is sound, neither can society be held responsible for its actions in punishing the criminal. Nevertheless, his is an entertaining presentation of the "new history's" point of view and as coherent a thumb-nail sketch of modern civilization as you will find outside of H. G. Wells.

To turn from this very sure gentleman to Garet Garrett is to leave the classroom laboratory for the boiler factory. Mr. Garrett is impressed by the Gargantuan developments and implications of our modern industrial system, which he sees as something absolutely individual to this country. He notes its developments in the line of high wages, super-production, employee stock ownership, coöperation of capital and labor and the subordination of both to management. He seems to be feeling his way through a murky cloud of turgid rhetoric toward some mystical ideal of a future society which shall have solved the problem of employment and distribution as wonderfully as we have solved the problem of production. What this solution will be he does not even guess, but he feels sure that it is coming, if only because business has at last realized that its real problem is not profit but distribution. The critic of American life will probably read Mr. Garrett's rather flowery periods with some amusement, but he is likely to read his book through, for Mr. Garrett has a sense of an American apocalypse or apotheosis—it is difficult to determine which—and is trying hard to discover the meaning of the omen of advance.

JOHN CARTER.

An Active Contemplative

John Gerson, Mystic and Reformer, by James L. Connolly. Louvain: Librarie Universitaire. 8s. 6d.

THE twentieth century, in seeking companionship among the various stages of the human past, will inevitably sense its affinity with the period which begins (roughly speaking) with the fourteenth century. We have our own spiritual disarray, seeping through every pore of civilization, but in the chaos of that era not even the Rock of Peter seemed proof against corrosion. Now, as then, reason and mystical longing were at odds, but the tremendous fusion of gnostic beliefs and Christian dogmas which engulfed a Europe terrorized by the Black Death and the abandonment of discipline appears almost incredible to a modern historian. Small wonder that the really great personalities of the age—Gerson, Ruysbroeck, Saint Catherine and others—should seem so very like Christophers struggling to carry their fellow-men across howling spiritual floods.

To all this Father Connolly, in writing his careful study of Gerson, has not been indifferent. He has elected, however, to individualize his subject as nearly as possible, and to stress biographical and literary facts. Born into a deeply religious family influenced more than a little by the wave of piety then moving across Flanders, Gerson entered the University of Paris at a time when Occamistic teachings were in the ascendency, and took holy orders while "the need for priests after the Black Death and successive plagues had so thinned out the ranks of the clergy that postulants were accepted and ordained who had not the slightest degree of spirituality." Upon the death of Peter d'Ailly, Gerson became chancellor of the great university. The burdens imposed by this office were extraordinary. It was not merely a matter of educational supervision—insistence upon better teaching, more practical

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methods, stricter examinations—though this was weighty enough and inflicted upon the chancellor no end of unpopularity. It was also his duty to cleanse, as far as he was able, the life of the Church of much dross of belief and practice accumulated by the time-spirit. Meanwhile the Great Schism and the struggle between divers noble houses for the control of France had imposed upon the university the necessity of a choice of allegiance.

During all this time Gerson had displayed, as executive, orator, educator and writer, that remarkable mystical sanity which time and time again has characterized the leaders of ecclesiastical France. He was indeed another Saint Francis de Sales: a humanist with a luminous mind and an understanding of the value of restraint; a spiritual counselor who could instill serenity even while he exacted obedience; and a mystical writer whose words breathe that genuine humility which is born out of disciplined contemplation. There is nothing excessive, hysterical or esoteric in the man. Soon, however, he revealed another and relatively unexpected side of his character. To his work as chancellor Gerson joined that of pastor to a large Paris congregation. Here he was able to influence, in a measure, the common people, and to study various problems involved in the cure of souls. It is interesting to note that he "was against much that was popular in the way of devotions, and spent his effort to keep men faithful to the essentials." To an age of superstition and spiritual excrescences, he recommended the altar and the confessional and became, incidentally, one of the first to promote the veneration of Saint Joseph.

A man so deeply interested in the "reform" of life could not remain indifferent to the central problem, which was nothing less than the resurrection of the Church itself. The efforts of Gerson to conciliate the rival Popes and, finally, to use the Council of Constance as a means toward an end are well known. Father Connolly adds little to our knowledge of these episodes, though he reviews what happened and makes a distinction between his hero and men like John Huss. There can be little doubt that the proposal to subordinate the Pope to a council was not sanctioned by Catholic tradition, and that acceptance of it would have precipitated greater evils than those which then called for a remedy. In extenuation it may be said that no similar situation had ever existed, and that the pressure brought to bear by Gerson did arouse many to consciousness of the existing tragedy. From Constance Gerson went into what was virtually seclusion, one of his last acts being to write a defense of Saint Jeanne d'Arc.

As a mystical writer the "great chancellor" is remembered as a champion of the via media between intellectualism and purely affective contemplation. He owed much to Saint Bonaventure, and there is no doubt that he hoped to employ mystical theology as an aid in overcoming the obvious spiritual diseases of his time. So important a man could hardly avoid figuring in numberless controversies. One of these involves the authorship of the Imitation of Christ, linked by so many souls with Thomas à Kempis. Father Connolly supports the traditional view, advancing many cogent arguments to show that Gerson could not have written the book. His own work is, however, eminently worth reading both for its own sake and because "it offers a cross-section of the spiritual theories of the middle-ages."

Father Connolly's book, though it is a most commendable accumulation of facts, appears to suffer from a failure to surmount difficulties of method. The three things he set out to accomplish—his description of historical background, individualization of Gerson and literary comment—do not blend,

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leaving the reader with a mélange which he himself must assimilate and digest. This becomes more apparent when one has instituted a comparison with so admirably written a volume as D'Aygallier's Ruysbroeck. Besides, it is difficult to condone, in a work devoted to one of the great humanists, so many lapses in expression and typography as have been permitted to disfigure the book. Father Connolly has nevertheless written a conscientious study which should direct attention to a great post-mediaeval churchman whose life can be an inspiration and whose reflections are of imperishable value.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

"Vitalism under Aristotle's Banner"

The Philosophy of Medicine: A Short History of Medicine, by Charles Singer. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.00.

DR. SINGER is a lecturer on the history of medicine in the University of London and a well-known contributor to the subject. He is equipped to write a brief history of medicine and he has done it very well. The book contains 142 illustrations, all calculated to help the reader understand various phases of medical history. One or two of them are in doubtful taste. Dr. Singer is one of those who has so broadened the significance of the history of medicine as to make it of ever so much more importance than it used to be. He suggests, in the opening sentence of the preface, that "the position that medical science has now assumed in the social polity demands that all educated men and women should have some knowledge of the subject, whether they have had a medical training or no." We may not like the use of that word "no" in America but we agree with the idea expressed.

As an introduction to The Philosophy of Medicine as he would write it, the author makes the confession that "he ranges himself as a vitalist under the banner of Aristotle and as a follower in the goodly company of Harvey, Hunter and Virchow, of Claude Bernard and Johannes Müller. He believes that there is a principle in living things that cannot be expressed in chemical or physical terms." That expression is the index of a standpoint so different from that of many others who in recent years have made contributions to the history of medicine and science that it is worth while noting particularly.

Dr. Singer gives the middle-ages much more credit for work done than has been the custom of writers in the history of medicine until quite recent years. Even he, however, fails to give them all the credit that they deserve. It is hard for men to overcome old prejudices in this matter. His declaration that "we cannot be sufficiently grateful to the monks for having succeeded in preserving as much as they did of classical learning and classical science," is very scant praise for all their good work, especially when taken in conjunction with some of his other expressions.

He fails also to give as much credit to the Italians as they deserve and, as is perhaps not so surprising, rather exaggerates the place that the English hold in the development of medicine. It is a little hard to understand just why, when so many Italians who did excellent work in medical science are omitted or barely mentioned, several paragraphs should be devoted to Giordano Bruno. As Dr. Singer says, Bruno "was no practical scientist." All that he did was to "incorporate into his own fantastic philosophy the ill-worked-out conclusions of Copernicus." The reason for the undue prominence given him is that Bruno is posed as "a martyr of science" but Bruno as a martyr of science is surely a joke.

JAMES J. WALSH.

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Biblical Imagery

Studies in Biblical and Semitic Symbolism, by Maurice H. Farbridge. London: Kegan Paul. $2.00.

BESIDES the special divine assistance and guidance which the ancient Hebrew people did receive from Almighty God, they were naturally the recipient of influences from surrounding nations, especially the Egyptians and Babylonians. Works that set forth the customs of the countries in the neighborhood of Palestine for the purpose of throwing light on the biblical narrative, are always welcomed by scholars as being of practical value. Such a one is Professor Farbridge's under review.

Symbols are to be found on almost every page of the Bible. Some of them are easy of interpretation, while others are not at all familiar to our modern mind. The key to unlock the secrets of the obscure ones is often to be found in the milieu of the ancient Semitic thought and usage. The Semite of old readily fell into symbolic expressions and representations, because for him all nature was the material through which the Deity manifested Himself. Thus was he led to the belief that certain trees, flowers and animals were sacred symbols. And thus was he led to the belief that certain numbers, written in the laws of nature, were pregnant with meaning. Long before Pythagoras, the Babylonians had developed an elaborate system of symbolism in numbers. Professor Farbridge illustrates why certain numbers such as three, seven, forty, were highly symbolical. He has culled a great many Babylonian-Assyrian symbols not only from the temple decorations and the cunieform texts, but also from cylinder seals and boundary stones. In fact, his work is studded with accumulated facts and interesting points of information, making valuable reading.

There is one suggestion that occurred to me in the perusal. A clearer and more practical presentation would have been procured if the non-biblical symbols had been discussed separately, and then the light obtained from that source, thrown on the Bible. Treating them all together gave a somewhat jumbled impression. Besides, the inspired symbols of the biblical narrative shine out like a lone star on a dark night, and cannot be compared or confused with the materialistic and polytheistic symbolical conceptions of the countries which surrounded the Holy Land.

PATRICK J. TEMPLE.

Further Memoirs of a Poor Relation

My Studio Window: Sketches of the Pageant of Washington Life, by Marietta Minnigerode Andrews. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

IN an excellent foreword, in which she lays no claim to intimacy with distinguished individuals or to be a shining light in the world of fashion, Mrs. Andrews says her book is Further Memoirs of a Poor Relation. This should really be the title, the studio window is but an excuse to catch the fancy. All civilized people love windows; only savages live in windowless huts.

Mrs. Andrews begins with Jefferson and L'Enfant and carries us down to the present day, the historical part generously interlarded with her own thoughts and opinions, some interesting, others that could not go unchallenged. She says toward the end of the book that she has failed in four professions, "art, matrimony, literature, philanthropy, and turned to pageantry, in which all fragmentary knowledge and general experience can be utilized." That is a summary of the

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book, but among the fragments that she has collected is much of very genuine interest. The part of the book that deals with the nucleus of the city, the plans of Jefferson and L'Enfant, the Meridian, the misplacing of the Washington Monument, the very charming descriptions of old houses, the Decatur house, the Octagon house with its ghost (which, by the way, is not a beautiful lady but the ghost of a jockey beaten to death by his master because he lost a race) all this makes pleasant reading. One wishes she would do more of this and less of personal experience; the chapter that begins so promisingly about Old Washington ends with a sort of fugue about hats, amusing but trivial.

Here and there are bits of information—a history of the invention of the Teddy Bear due to Berryman, cartoonist of the Washington Star, clever descriptions of people very much in the manner of her own silhouettes with which the book is illustrated. It may be said that her pen is as mighty as her scissors. Equally sharp and keen is her wit, sometimes used without discrimination: witness her remarks about Saint John's church and its congregation. On one page she says flippantly, "I had such pleasant impressions of God," and later on compares Lincoln to Christ, a form of what we may call "bad taste"—to avoid a stronger term—in which she is not alone.

She takes her readers pell-mell up and down Sixteenth Street—indeed she does this twice; she gives them a glimpse of Potomac Park, but of the rest of Washington she says little, though she flies as far from her country as the Lake Country and Norway. That is the defect of the book: having a brilliant and interesting subject in the pageant of Washington life, she leaves it to carry her readers hither and thither as her memory and fancy dictate.

Much of the book is of local interest only, but will be read eagerly by that numerous company who like to meet famous people, if only between the covers of a book.

MARY F. MCMULLEN.

The Primate of Belgium

A Life of Cardinal Mercier, by A. Laveille; translated by Arthur Livingstone. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

THERE have been saints who served God to the exclusion of a love of country like the hermits of the desert; there have been intellects which spent themselves and were spent in the pursuit of science to the utter forgetfulness of its Author and its Inspiration. But in a rare few has been combined, in a beautifully balanced proportion, that trinitarian gift of priest, patriot and philosopher. One of these few really great men who carried a chalice, a flag and a retort, and who wielded all three like rapiers in their respective domains was the red-robed giant of our own days—Cardinal Mercier.

The story of this life, written by Monsignor A. Leveille, the Vicar-General of Meaux, and translated by Arthur Livingstone, comes to the reading public freighted with good news about this man who had only a Waterloo at his birth but never in his life or death, for Waterloo was his birthplace. Running throughout its pages is the story of the priest, the scholar and the soldier. The priest: for if there was one person in the world who did not believe in spontaneous generation in the spiritual world, it was Abbé Mercier. He knew he could never communicate divine life unless he had it. And that divine life he nourished by a prayer of apostleship which yearned to see the union of churches under Peter, and which finally consumed him in the day he left the field of labor in the

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last words of his life: "Sitio! I thirst, to lead souls to thee, O Lord."

The patriot: and this necessarily, for the same Catholic principles that made him love justice and challenge oppression of the weak gave him strength to stand face to face with Von Bissing, write pastorals under his very nose, declaring that the "heroism which Belgium, our mother, has been bringing forth in her hour of pain, she is now pouring out in the blood of every one of her children." And then, when Von Bissing died, he was big enough to say: "Baron Von Bissing was a Christian. He said to me one day, I remember, in a tone that placed his sincerity beyond all doubt: 'I am not a Catholic, but I believe in Christ!' To the Christ, therefore I shall pray, and very sincerely, for the repose of his soul."

The philosopher: for Cardinal Mercier has done more to dig up the daylight of Saint Thomas to illumine modern problems, to rethink Saint Thomas in terms of our day, to keep pace with scientific progress, than whole libraries of archaic textbooks, which are as divorced from the needs of the times as they were wedded to a method of the past. The story of the Cardinal's aim to teach philosophy in a living language is an absorbing one; it centers about an attempt on the part of Cardinal Mazella to keep philosophy in Latin at all costs, subsequent misrepresentations of his method before Leo XIII, and finally his complete vindication by the Pontiff himself. This story is familiar to all who have studied in Louvain; it has a moral so important for present-day philosophizing that it needs to be known by all.

One inaccuracy needs to be corrected in this book, otherwise so eminently worth while. It occurs on page 188. Monsignor Deploige did not accompany Cardinal Mercier on the latter's visit to this country in 1919.

FULTON J. SHEEN.

The "Gothic" Gregg

William Gregg, Factory Master of the Old South, by Broadus Mitchell. Durham: University of North Carolina Press. $3.00.

WILLIAM GREGG was the prophet of industrialism in the wilderness of North Carolina during the 1830's. Stocky, bewhiskered prohibitionist that he was, preaching plain living and low pay, his willingness to assume the risks of pioneering in the industrial field raises him above the level of his feudal contemporaries. Opposed to slavery, one-crop farming, the Civil War, state aid to railroads and free trade, William Gregg might well be canonized the patron saint of the present-day Rotary of his native state. Had he lived at the present time, he would be lost among the captains of industry voting the straight Republican ticket and contributing to the open shop movement, but from 1830 to 1870 he was a much feared and successful assailant of the slave economy of King Cotton.

Mr. Mitchell is uncertain about some pertinent details, but he has woven a complete picture of the birth of industrialism in an agricultural country. The book might well be used to open up a course in the economic history of the United States, if only to contrast the daring of the founders of the present economic society with the narrow bureaucracy of many of their successors.

William Gregg died with the institution he hated, slavery, but his "Gothic" factory still stands after pointing the way to timid capitalists for a hundred years.

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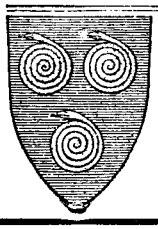

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Briefer Mention

Whither Mankind?, edited by Charles A. Beard. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00.

THE old question regarding the new drift of mankind has been put to a number of kindred spirits under the supervision of Dr. Charles A. Beard. That learned historian himself supplies an introduction which is all but the best thing in the book. However little one may find oneself in agreement with the theses here presented, they are all significant and alive. John Dewey's discussion of philosophy is a striking index to current thinking, and what George Dorsey says of race is positive and striking. Mr. Mumford's analysis of the arts breathes conviction, while Hu-Shih's essay on the perennially disparate East and West is a curious document. We think that Mr. Robinson on religion is thin, and Mr. Van Doren on literature still thinner. Bertrand Russell is represented with a characteristic essay on science, while Everett Dean Martin runs true to form on the subject of education. Mr. Van Loon is far below his best average, and Emil Ludwig is laboriously unconvincing. For further comment, please see the editorial columns of this issue.

Pictures and Painting, by Margaret H. Bulley. $3.00; Architecture, by A. L. N. Russell. $3.00. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

TWO new volumes in the Simple Guide Series deal pleasantly and informatively with arts about which nearly everyone wishes to know more. Mr. Russell follows the history of building through the ages, giving particular attention to the matter of design as that is illustrated in the Greek edifices. His remarks on the subject of Gothic may disappoint not a few Americans, though what he has to say regarding our newer structures will please others. Miss Bulley likewise is primarily a historian, able to make very lucid and enjoyable distinctions. One must be willing to condone a certain amount of British bias in both volumes. This is a matter of temperament rather than of prejudice, and most of it I consider charming. Neither volume is designed to supplant more fulsome or highly specialized treatises, but both will do the prospective amateur in the arts a great deal of good. There are profuse illustrations.

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